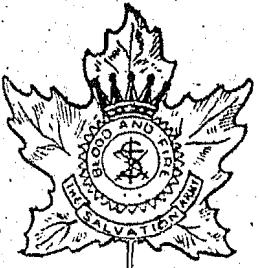


SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER

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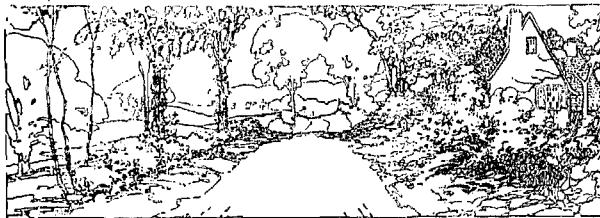
No. 2443

TORONTO 2, AUGUST 15, 1931

JAMES HAY Commissioner



A Few of the Boys off Berry-Picking from The Army's Fresh-Air Camp (See page 16)



A Blackbird's Message on a Summer Morn

I HAD been lying muttering: Watchman, will the night soon pass? Dim light separated the curtains; presently came the first faint trill, and before the blackbird in the rick-yard and the one in Shirburn Wood are answering each other in rich song, I have time to think of that soft out-of-doors I know so well, the huge oaks sweeping the grey sky like a gently-knocked besom.

And in a bunch of twigs there is a tiny presence, so small and dark that you could not see it, but it has flooded the world with love and hope and immortality. The day is not yet come, but the blackbird is certain of its coming, and of the sanity of its beauty, and of all things that are good. He struck my heart for a harp string this morning.—Mrs. Margaret Ashworth.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 14:1-7

A thought for the day:

In nothing be anxious; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.—Phil. IV:6 (R.V.)

Let us sing Song No. 503.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 15:1-5.

A thought for the day:

There are no disappointments, it has been said, to those whose wills are bound up in the will of God.

Let us sing Song No. 317.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 16:1-11.

A thought for the day:

I only wish that I may know The way which Thou wouldst have me go; That I my will in Thine may loose; That what Thou, Lord, for me shall choose, I, too, may choose.

—C. W. Harris.

Let us sing Song No. 207.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 17:1-15

A thought for the day:

How careful one ought to be to be kind and thoughtful to one's old friends. It is so soon too late to be good to them, and then one is always grieved.—Sarah Orne Jewett.

Let us sing Song No. 794.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 18:1-12

A thought for the day:

Flowers preach to us if we will only hear.—C. J. Rosetti.

Let us sing Song No. 602.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 18:13-24

A thought for the day:

We ask Thy peace, O Lord! Through storm and fear and strife, To light and guide us on Through a long, struggling life.

—A. Procter.

Let us sing Song No. 996.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: Psalm 18:25-34

A thought for the day:

Delight no less in truth than life.—Shakespeare.

Let us sing Song No. 993.

GEMS OF THOUGHT

The greatest of all our trials we have to bear are those which our loved ones cannot share.

* * *

We only need to face the "test" when we realize the priceless worth of "an unchanging friend."

SUMMER'S LAVISH PLENTITUDE

Holds the Seed of Death

WE ARE told that keen observers can see signs of the year's decay early in the lavish plenitude of July. Toward the close of August it is far more obvious—and but a few weeks later death's touch is seen clearly on flowers and trees. How like unto human life all this is! With youth the grave appears to be far away, and even maturity fails to bring it a great deal closer. But the seeds of death are in every heart

from the beginning of life—and no man has yet been able to prevent them achieving their ultimate end. Therefore should we not give a thought to the future, whither our souls are quickly bound? Have you the gift of Eternal Life? If not, we urge that you seek it at once, seek Jesus the Author and Giver of Life, seek Him in faith and repentance. Then this gracious gift will become yours, making you a son of God.

THE GOSPEL of the FLOWERS

Here Is a Truth We All Might Take To Heart



E NEED to see today, as Jesus did, the Divine Presence and outshining in all nature, from the least to the greatest, for,

"Earth is crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush
afame with God."

We forget that there is a Gospel of the Flowers as well as of the cloister and the pulpit. Indeed, God has given to all nature a tongue, and everything, if only we had faculties to discern it, speaks unto us a Divine message.

To hear this voice of the Eternal in all the little things about us is the high privilege at once of sensitive and spirit-visioned souls. Thus Linnaeus, the botanist, on observing the unfolding of a rose, said, "I saw God in His glory passing near me and I bowed my head and worshipped."

And Shakespeare, whose eye encompassed a world, saw "tongues in trees, sermons in stones, books in running brooks and good in everything." Likewise John, in the loneliness of his exile on Patmos—with naught to distract save the singing of the birds,

the sighing of the winds, and the breaking of sea waves upon the shore—in a mystical mood that reveals the true saint and the seer, exclaimed, "I saw an angel standing in the sun." No doubt many a man—falling to find satisfaction in the Temple—with its frescoed walls, stately ritual and scholarly sermon—has turned to his own garden where, amid the fragrant flowers and growing plants, God somehow broke in upon the soul.

*Since I have seen Thy alchemy
Change the earth—brown bulbs to
living gold
Of daffodils—Eternity
Has seemed a simple truth to hold.*

Oh, how we need in these busy, stressful times, occasionally to get away from the noise and din of the streets—away into the great outdoors—where we can hear nothing save the song of nature, and commune with the God of things as they are. Jesus felt this need Himself, and one day said to His disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."

We must shake loose from the sordid materialism that weighs us down and return to the sweet simplicities of a more natural life if, in our day, we shall re-discover God.—J.J.C.

ON THE MATTER OF DESTINY

DESTINY—what is it? Was there ever a word less capable of definition? It has been interpreted variously, and often so fatalistically, that when it does not puzzle, it repels. My own view is that it means just what it says; and there is nothing to be afraid of.

On the contrary! Why be unhappy because the laws of life work out their own purposes, which are not for an age or a season or a time, but (as many of us believe and as modern science is on the eve of proclaiming) for eternity; something somewhere beyond, round the last white corner of the road? Meanwhile the great thing is to get on with our job.

It is no use shirking things; the things we shirk come back and box our ears. Sooner or later they get even with us and we have a desolating sense of having been found out. Better be brave; it feels cleaner somehow. Better recognize the fact that we are free only so long as we are in bondage to the best we know—and that is something very wonderful.—W.



**ANOTHER SHORT
SERIAL STORY
WHICH WILL PRO-
VIDE INTERESTING
HOLIDAY READING**

*You will be intrigued by this fascinating story of Early-Day Army Adventure
the hero of which is*

THE BLACK PRINCE

A Surprise Greeting — The Prince Arrives in Yorkshire — Landladies Shake Their Heads at Him — A Lonely First Meeting — His First Lieutenant — Reviving Rotherham

COMMENCE TO READ HERE
Brigadier William Bennett—the Black Prince—spent his early years in London. Securing employment in a railway goods yard, he lodged with his married sister, who had become converted in the Christian Mission. She set out to win her brother for Jesus, and eventually had the joy of seeing him kneel at the Penitent-form in a Mission meeting.

At the Mission Headquarters in Whitechapel, a mid-day meeting was held, often by the Founder himself, and young Bennett would take a hasty meal and hurry to the meeting place.

The Black Prince eventually became a Missioner (they were not called Officers in those early days), and after fifteen months' experience in charge of Whitechapel Corps the "General Manager" appointed him to start the Mission at Rotherham. The story continues with Missioner Bennett en route for that Yorkshire town.

CHAPTER IV Provincial Warfare

HE HAD to change trains at Doncaster with little time to spare between arrival and departure. But the young man was not destined to be alone and unheeded in a throng of strangers. On the platform waiting to give him a friendly greeting was "Mr. Bramwell" (afterward General), then chiefly known to Bennett in one connection.

"While I was stationed at Whitechapel," says Bennett, "The Chief, as we afterwards came to call him, often used to slip quietly in during my Holiness meetings on purpose to take the Bible-reading and then slip out quietly again, to go on helping the old General. I did so appreciate finding him at Doncaster. There wasn't time to say much, but as we hurried from one platform to the other, we got mixed up with a pretty rough crowd going to the races.

"Some of your future converts, Bennett," was Mr. Bramwell's comment."

Picture the black-haired, dark-visaged young man as he emerged into the streets of Rotherham. With his right hand he carried the portmanteau, and under that arm was his loaf, while under the other was his

pot of jam—food which, though so near, was not exactly accessible. Being hungry, he might have expended part, at any rate, of his ten cents in a cook shop or confectioner's. Instead, he gave himself up to seeking a place of abode.

His method was this: To walk at random until espying a "lodgings to let" window card, when he would try his luck. But the landladies of Roth-

somewhere. Coom in and have a soap of tea." A minute later the grateful Black Prince found himself seated in a little armchair before the big kitchen fire. But the tale of his troubles is not yet fully told. Maybe the little armchair would for months have proved adequate for the inconsiderable weight of the little old lady.

The Black Prince, however, was quite a different avoirdupois proposition.

Snap went one of the worm-eaten legs and into the fender fell the Black Prince. He would not have collapsed so helplessly had he not still been holding the loaf of bread under one arm and the pot of jam under the other. The pot cracked, but no other harm was done, and soon the Black Prince was sitting down to a meal which he much appreciated. Still more was he pleased by the discovery that the little old lady was herself one who lived humbly in the knowledge of God and in the desire to obey

His will. Bennett was accepted as the Lodger.

After writing letters, out he went to find the Temperance Hall. There his fellow-Missioner awaited him and they together interviewed the owner of the premises, who agreed to let

the Hall to Bennett for two dollars on Sundays and one dollar and a half on week-nights.

Having thus usefully assisted in business preliminaries, his colleague had to go hurrying off to catch a homeward train. Left alone, Bennett felt he ought to try and hold an Open-air meeting. There came over him a crippling sense of helplessness in that he was a stranger in a strange town, and that there was nobody to keep him in countenance. Nobody? Nay, but was the Maker of all creatures and things nobody? Is it a sufficient service to act only when action is easy and dignified? When He has done so much for us, are we to boggle at even the little we can do for Him? Like a true knight-errant, the Black Prince resolved to do and dare.

In a residential artisan district he stepped off the kerb into the roadway and, addressing nobody in particular, gave out the words of a song. Then he sang it. Afterwards he prayed. Next came a few words of exhortation, which were followed by a second song. A few open-eyed children gathered half a dozen yards away; behind them several adults stood passive to gaze and listen. A more inert gathering could scarcely be conceived. Throughout the entire proceedings there was no manifestation of surprise, hostility, approval, or interest. After pluckily persisting for some twenty minutes, Bennett took up a

(Continued on page 12)



Snap went one of the worm-eaten legs

erham seemed to share a strong instinctive antipathy to a young man with long, black hair. It did nothing to assist matters that he occasionally caught sight of a conspicuous announcement heralding the coming of the Black Prince. Nobody seemed to want him now he had come.

To one landlady Bennett ventured modestly to identify himself with the hero of the placard. But this only resulted in the door being slammed in his face.

At last, after two trying hours of failure, he stood confronting a gentle-mannered little old lady who, though apparently at first indisposed for a lodger of so unusual an aspect, listened thoughtfully to what he had to say and then quietly exclaimed:

"Ah weel! The bairn has a mither

His will. Bennett was accepted as the Lodger.

After writing letters, out he went to find the Temperance Hall. There his fellow-Missioner awaited him and they together interviewed the owner of the premises, who agreed to let

Bonnet Wearers, and Others Should Read this Story of

A Sheep who Saved a Shepherd

MY BONNET! How vivid is the remembrance of my fight with conscience before courage came to me to put on the queer-looking symbol of separation and service. It was bad enough indoors, and when the battle-ground was transferred to the street the difficulty was in no way lessened. My bonnet simply could not be lost sight of in the London crowd. Everywhere—whether travelling in public conveyances, or walking—the accompaniment of curious eyes was inevitable, and, sometimes the even more curious remarks. How they stung! But the worst sting of all was the recurring satanic suggestion, "Is it worth while?" Yet all the time conscience said "Wear it." So the battle went on.

Then came a day when, walking down a main thoroughfare, confused and self-conscious to a painful degree, it seemed impossible for me to continue the miserable struggle. I surrendered. Promising myself that once indoors, the battle of the bonnet should end by its disappearance from my head, with the quickest possible steps I made for home, lost to all surroundings, and conscious only of a great anxiety to get over the ordeal.

Suddenly, I was pulled up by a hand on my shoulder, and a voice at my side saying:

"Excuse me, you are The Salvation Army, are you not?"

Truth to tell, it was a very unworthy representative who wore the bonnet that day, but, of course, my questioner must be answered, so, very hesitatingly, the fact was acknowledged.

"I am so glad to have seen you, for I am so unhappy," answered the old lady who had stopped me. "All the

long years of my life it has never seemed necessary for me to be a Christian—I thought I was all right and quite good enough—but now, I know it at my time on earth is short, and I'm not sure. I don't know what to do or to whom to turn, but seeing you, from the opposite side, I just got the policeman to bring me across the street. Can you help me?"

Quickly a prayer to Heaven was offered, and in that crowded thoroughfare God gave me the words that His lost sheep needed. Somehow, after a little talk, it seemed the most natural thing in the world—there where we stood—to ask the Good Shepherd to receive her, and the dear old lady, so tired of straying, and so fearful of the coming darkness, quite simply accepted Him Who gave His life for the sheep.

I'd forgotten my bonnet in the wonder that such an honour should have been given to such an unworthy Soldier! It is still a marvel to me, but since that day the wearing of the bonnet has been a blessed thing. The cross that seemed to crush, was now carried gladly. The previous wretched self-consciousness had disappeared in the glory of opportunity for service, the "expulsive power of a new affection" had driven out the "fear of what men think or say."

I've told you my first real bonnet experience, which to some may appear almost ancient history. To-day, the bonnet is not a target for hostility, but rather a passport to appreciation, and yet, bonnet-wearers of 1931—who keep in touch with the Good Shepherd—will find that straying sheep are still just as glad to recognize anyone who can lead them back to God.—A Zealous Bonnet-Wearer.

How To Spend Your Holidays (Continued from page 2)

good works, of a kind; but no Christ of Calvary, and, therefore, no Risen Lord! Yes, a God high in the heavens; but no Father God! They knew not the Father, because they loved not His Son! It is likely that there, as elsewhere, God was not without His witnesses, but these two men did not meet any of them.

Facing these circumstances, the old man spent a good deal of his time in fishing for the souls of men, instead of trying to catch the denizens of the beautiful little lakes. He received some rebuffs, but some listened.

One who had been his very close boyhood friend, kept out of his way during the remaining days of his visit, presumably because of his confession of Christ as Saviour. Some others, in other ways, showed they did not appreciate his interest in their spiritual welfare.

Two aged people, however, listened gladly and professed faith in Christ's finished work on Calvary. They have both departed this life since; then there was also the swearing young man who promised to pay some heed to his soul's welfare, and who was added to the old man's prayer list, as were another man and woman.

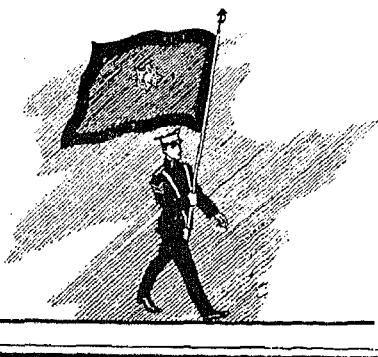
How quickly holiday days pass! How little the Christian vacationist was able to accomplish before he had

once more to turn his face toward the city. Yet that little may mean much in eternity. The young man sometimes recalls the success he had in catching fish in one of those attractive dwarf lakes, and he frequently says to the old man how much he would like to go back there again. The old man does not say anything about his "fishing" exploits, but he hopes that he had a good catch; and he replies to the young man that, did circumstances permit, he would be nothing loath to accompany him there, once more.

Our country is greatly blessed with so many places of enchanting beauty and with lakes and rivers that teem with fish! How grateful the Christian vacationist should be to God, our Father, for it all! Yet all these things are merely temporal, they will pass away. Even the hills will melt with fervent heat, but the human soul will live forever!

What a blessed privilege is yours, converted vacationist! As you go to seek rest and recreation, you can, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, take the message of Salvation with you.

Then, when all God's people reach that land of perfect beauty, you will rejoice that you endeavored, under all circumstances, to be wise in winning souls.—D.S.



LIFT HIGH THE ARMY BANNER, IT SPEAKS OF GRACE DIVINE

SEVENTEEN SEEKERS at PENITENT-FORM

Attendances and Interest on the Increase

PARRY SOUND (Captain and Mrs. Cameron)—The Spirit of God has been working mightily in our midst. Seventeen knelt at the Penitent-form during the past week. The intense heat of summer has not daunted us in our soul-saving efforts, nor has it caused a diminishing in our attendances. The congregation at the Holiness meeting on July 19th was the largest for five years.

Major Owen, the Divisional Commander, was with us for the weekend. His visit was enjoyed by all,

and proved most profitable. In the Holiness meeting eight claimed the blessing of Full Salvation. In the night meeting another responded to the Voice of God. At the Saturday night Open-air we had the largest attendance in over seven years.

There is an advance also in our Young People's work. A Singing Company has been commenced, which is already doing valuable service. At the Young People's Salvation meeting last Wednesday evening, eight sought the Saviour.

BLOCKED THE SIDEWALKS TO LISTEN TO OPEN-AIR

OTTAWA III (Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson)—Blessing attended the Open-air meetings held on Saturday night at Bell's Corners, and Richmond Large crowds which blocked the sidewalks, gathered at the latter place. By special request the Band played outside the home of the local United Church minister, who is ill.

By permission of the Ottawa Street Railway Company the Band plays at Britannia Park every Sunday afternoon, and thus reaches large numbers of people. One new Soldier was enrolled on Sunday evening. Two knelt at the Altar.

FOUR CAPTURES

COLLINGWOOD (Captain Marshall, Lieutenant Borthwick)—On a recent Sunday we rejoiced to witness four kneeling at the Mercy-seat. Two of our Corps Cadets conducted a recent week-night meeting.—S.H.W.

LAKE-SIDE OPEN-AIR

ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White) — The week-end meetings were led by Lieutenant Rose Smith and Lieutenant Walter Cooke. It was also Songster week-end. On Sunday afternoon the Band and Songsters went to Barnfield motor camp for a musical program which was very much enjoyed. On Monday night an Open-air was held at Bass Lake.—Wm. Wisheart, Corps Corres.

OUTPOST ATTACKS

KEMPTVILLE (Captain Pedlar, Lieutenant Hooke) — The Open-air work is well to the front at Kemptville; we have for the last two months been attending Outposts.

Our visits to the smaller villages where they seldom hear The Army's message, are received gladly.

God is also blessing our labors in our meetings in the Hall. Recently we had the joy of seeing one backslider return to the Fold.

RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE

YORKVILLE (Commandant and Mrs. Hillier)—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Strafford, from the United States, conducted the meetings on Sunday, and their messages through the day were very helpful.

The Staff-Captain and his wife were Soldiers of the Corps when they were stationed at Territorial Headquarters, and the comrades of the Corps were pleased to renew old acquaintances.

LEAGUE OUTING

Over one hundred people enjoyed the West Toronto Home League picnic, held on Thursday at Hanlan's Point.—N. Muir.

PROMISED TO RETURN

BRACEBRIDGE (Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe, Lieutenant Knox)—Our services over the week-end were well attended. The Salvation meeting, on Sunday night, was conducted by Envoy Smith. God came very near to us and blessed us. At the close of this service one person surrendered to God. Another man and woman who have been backsliders, left the meeting under much conviction and promised to come back.—G.K.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

AMHERST (Ensign and Mrs. Mercer)—On Monday last we were visited by our Divisional Commander, Staff-Captain Riches, who conducted a very profitable and soul-awakening service. A large crowd was in attendance.

In addition to the Staff-Captain were some unexpected visitors, in the persons of Captain and Mrs. Hammond, former Officers of this Corps, Captain Jardine and comrades from Sackville, Captain and Mrs. Pearo, of Brampton, passing through on furlough. The testimonies of each brought much blessing to the hearts of the people in attendance.

BAND SUNDAY

FLORENCE (Captain Pope, Lieutenant Marshall)—On a recent Sunday the Band was in charge of the meetings all day. They started out in the morning with two rousing Open-air, then returned for the Holiness meeting. The message was given by Bandsman James Brown.

In the afternoon the Band went to Little Bras D'or, three miles away, and held two Open-air. The townspeople and tourists were greatly appreciative of our efforts here.

Bandmaster Royal was in charge of the night meeting, and the Spirit of God was in our midst. Bandsman McDonald spoke.—M.E.P.

PICTURES OF THE ARMY IN ACTION ARE WANTED



"THE WAR CRY" invites comrades possessing a camera to forward for reproduction in these pages snapshots of Army activity in their locality. We are especially anxious to obtain pictures of Summer Open-air work, in the streets, parks, and pleasure resorts where The Army is carrying the Salvation message to the people in the great outdoors. The pictures on page 16 were taken by Lieut.-Colonel Bladin (right hand at top) and Field-Major Brace (left hand at top)

GETTING HALL READY

DUNNVILLE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Ball)—Last Wednesday the Officers and a number of the comrades went to Cayuga for a service. The people were blessed, especially a group of little girls who sang very nicely for us. On Sunday we not only rejoiced to have old friends visit the Corps, but one comrade sought a deeper touch of God's Holy Spirit.

We are busy getting our new place of worship in shape for occupation in August.—J. Harris.

GREAT VICTORIES

WYCHWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Hiltz)—Captain and Mrs. Hiltz have been welcomed into our midst. Great victories are being won.

On a recent Sunday there were eight seekers. The following Sunday there were two seekers, one of whom was a backslider for eighteen years.

We have one Candidate who hopes to enter the Training Garrison for the next Session.

The Company meeting and Home League picnics were held at Centre Island.—D.C.H.

PATTED HIS CHEEKS

WELLAND (Ensign and Mrs. Capson) — Envoy Huntingdon, of Brantford, was with us for the weekend. Brother Box, our genial Secretary, said farewell to us on Sunday night. There was a delightful incident in a recent Open-air. An elderly German woman was standing near; she could not speak English, but was all a-smile when Sergeant-Major Fritz spoke to her in her own tongue. She patted his cheeks and told him she was a Salvationist also! —R. Russell.

IT WAS ARMY DAY AT MARKHAM

The week-end meetings at East Toronto were conducted by our own Officers. On Sunday morning the little daughter of Songster-Leader and Mrs. Creighton was dedicated by Captain Flora Higdon.

In the afternoon the Band went to Markham, at the request of the people of that town. After marching through the main thoroughfare, the Band proceeded to the local park and held an Open-air meeting.

DRUM-HEAD CONVERSION

HALIFAX I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Earle) — During the last three weeks twenty people have surrendered to God. On Sunday night, in the Open-air, a man knelt at the drum-head and got gloriously saved. He now takes his stand for God. On Tuesday night his wife was converted.

We have commenced a series of Friday night Holiness meetings.

HOME LEAGUE NEWS

HALIFAX II (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender) — The Home League, under the direction of Mrs. Commandant Cavender, has doubled in attendance during the spring and summer months.

Last week the Spiritual meeting was conducted by Mrs. Cavender. An inspiring evening was spent, many bearing testimony to God's wonderful saving and keeping power.

A successful sale was held at the country market recently. The Home League picnic was held last Wednesday at the Northwest Arm.—M.S.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

BROCK AVENUE (Adjutant and Mrs. Barker) — On Wednesday evening the Band visited Bedford Park, where a sale of work was being held. The items rendered by the Band and visiting comrades, were appreciated by all. Mrs. Brigadier Richie presided over this event.

The Band also visited Weston on Monday, in aid of the local Corps. Bandmaster Sainsbury was the chairman.

SALVATION VISITORS

NEW LISKEARD (Captain and Mrs. Lindores) — Commandant W. Marsland of the Men's Social, Port Arthur, is furloughing at his home here and has been a welcome visitor to the meetings.

Major E. Owen paid us a visit a week ago and conducted a very fine service with a goodly number present.

The busy Home Leaguers held their annual picnic and outing at Milberta, on Wednesday.

MUSICAL MESSENGERS

COBALT (Ensign and Mrs. Powell) — The visit of the "Musical Messengers," Staff-Captain and Mrs. Mundy and Bandsman R. Mundy, was much appreciated. The music rendered in the Open-air created interest. A bright, happy meeting followed with a good crowd in attendance.

At the request of the pastor of the United Church, the Band held later Open-air meetings, then went to the United Church and assisted in the evening service. During the evening the pastor spoke highly of The Salvation Army and its work. After the service the Band again proceeded to the park and held another out-door meeting. The Male Voice Party rendered valuable assistance during the meeting.—T. W. Gillies.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY IS NOT AN IDLE ONE

Contends the Writer of this Article

It is often Vigorous Exercise Employing Different Powers from Those Needed for the usual Task of Life

HERE are still a few of the "Old School" left, who, between their groans on account of rheumatism, and their grumblings about sciatica, knowingly peer over the tops of their spectacles and solemnly and proudly boast that they have never taken a holiday in their lives. Their achievements in this direction are possibly admired by many, but judging from the sight of any city terminus on any day between May and September, it may safely be concluded that their example is emulated by few.

The majority of the men and women of our generation have been pleased to recognize the fact that an occasional change and a rest from the common round, the daily task, is essential to good health and to the efficient functioning of brain and body. Visions of country lanes and rural scenes appear in quick response to the sunshine, as profusely as do the bursting buds of the elm tree and the tender blades of grass in the riverside meadow.

"Bottled Sunshine"

Hours of "bottled sunshine" for autumn days are carried in the memories of a host of little pleasures found during two weeks' stay at the old home, or a week-end among the hills.

Few of the millions of workers who long for relaxation would admit that a holiday is a period of idleness. Muscles rarely used ache gnawingly at the end of the first day's tramp. Think of the city worker who for fifty weeks of the year bends over his desk taking into his lungs shallow draughts of impure air, the office windows closed to stop the papers from

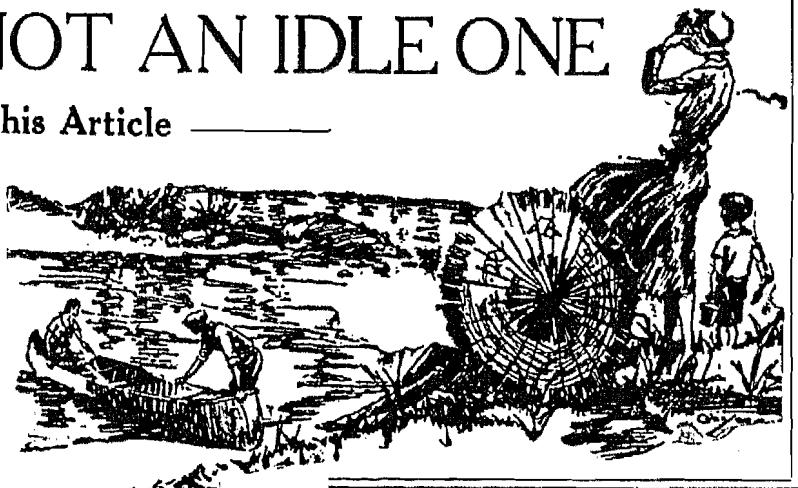
being blown about, his blind drawn to keep out the glare of light, and his much-tried eyes following his ciphering on a paper ten inches away from his nose. Then, for a glorious two weeks in the year he eats his meals by the hedge-rows on his district homestead. With aching arms and well-nigh breaking back he swings a scythe under the ripened corn.

Strong, pure air rushes into his lungs, a colorful glow of health is upon his cheeks. The snack of food he eats is wholesome and welcome because he is hungry. Enriched blood courses with unwonted pressure through his veins. The soft hues of the countryside rest his eyes.

Healthful Ministries

The smell of the soil, the lazy hum of myriad winged insects soothe his nerves, and unthinking ramblings of his mind during the hours of semi-detached consciousness, the novelty, the zest, the physical weariness, and the healthful hours of deep, refreshing sleep that characterize his days and nights during that blissful period are more efficacious than he dreams them to be. Under the blaze of the summer sun in the fresh scent-laden air, new life is born again in him. Physically and mentally he becomes a new creature.

Yet for him a holiday is not a fortnight spent in bed. It is a period of effort as strenuous as any he makes in the whole long year, but effort made along another line than that of his yearly habit. His physical activity has given him mental rest. The weariness of his back and arms and legs has insured for his brain undisturbed rest each night. It



has simply been a matter of turning his activities in a new direction.

For instance, once or twice when you have wanted a certain verse of Scripture you have been rather shocked to find how unfamiliar you were with the Bible. Now, on holiday, suspend your other Salvation activities, but give yourself an hour a day for Bible-reading.

If you have any literary tastes you will be charmed by the clarity of narrative style abounding in the historical Books of the Old Testament. The wealth of imagery, the beauty of language, the convincing dialogue found in the Books of Poetry will delight you.

Perhaps you frequently respond to the invitation to lead in prayer in Army meetings, outdoors and in. In audible and public praying, there are many things upon your heart that are scarcely of common interest and could not helpfully be mentioned in a meeting. For private prayer the rush of modern life and the demands of your Corps duties leave you little time. On holiday, however, you will have ample opportunity for silent devotion, and another chance for healthful exercise you often miss.

A less likely case and yet still probable, is that you are one of the

devout souls who believe in learning all you can, and being painfully conscious of how little you know, hesitate to shout about religion and to dogmatize about things eternal. You attend a Bible class, and give much time to private study of the Scriptures. You silently pray in the meetings you attend, and thus add to their blessedness. On holiday you feel that you can rest a little more.

Worth Passing On

The hours you have spent in study must certainly have yielded you something worth passing on. Your testimony in the little Corps meetings you attend when on holiday will be doubly valuable because of your constant devotion. If you were to lead in prayer occasionally you would bring blessing to yourself and others. Your experience and efforts in a little meeting, backed by your knowledge of God and His Word, would make you an acceptable speaker and also make your holiday profitable to a higher degree.

You may find unaccustomed exercises somewhat of a strain. So does the clerk find games and swimming—but then, he's on holiday!

And SO ARE YOU!

A "War Cry" Reader Presents his Views on

THE ANNUAL CALL OF

quil, soothing, invigorating and trust-inspiring influences that, in a larger measure, can be found when surrounded more abundantly by the things that God created and less by that which has been produced by the genius and the hand of man.

There is, beyond question, a large measure of healing, for mind and body, in the contemplation of the marvellous strength, delicate beauty and interesting phenomena revealed in the works of nature.

As the city-dweller becomes more familiar with the material and ethereal evidences of God's matchless touch, as seen upon the face of the earth and in the sky, he imbibes a remedy much more potent, for the many ills of life, than either drugs or the diversion to be obtained in a city.

All this goes to prove that the wise vacationists are those who seek the places "nearest nature's heart," rather than those who go to fashionable places of entertainment, when desiring to replenish their reserve stock of nerve strength, brawn and mental poise, in preparation for the many arduous tasks that will be ahead of them, after the holidays are over.

Notwithstanding all that can be said regarding the benefits to be derived from the ozone, the bracing air, the scenery and much else that one may enjoy on one's holidays, all those auxiliaries to health will be found in-

sufficient to yield that satisfying life for which so many ardently long who are burdened with unrest of soul! No earthly comfort or beauty, though it speaks God's love, can satisfy the craving of the heart that is out of touch with the Creator Himself!

The things of earth are, after all, powerless to supply the needs of the spiritual man and, if the man be not fed on the Bread of Life, he seeks true happiness and dependable reserve power in vain.

How gracious God is to have made it so easy for the craving soul (even when isolated from ordinary religious influences) to reach out and find Him. Who will take away the real hindrance to happiness (one's sins) and Who will impart love, joy and peace as He begins to prove Himself "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The way to come into contact with this Friend is to do as the Psalmist did. He said: "I cried unto God with my voice, and He gave ear unto me." This is the way to obtain real life! To cry unto God with one's voice.

How frightened one is of hearing his own voice in prayer! If men would audibly make their requests known unto God, their prayers would be more fervent. God is pleased with fervent prayers. Many of God's children are unable to pray aloud and are many times embarrassed when requested to pray where a number of people are present. What a splendid opportunity the vacationist has of learning to pray audibly. He can go alone to the woods, by the river-side, or any one of many places and become so accustomed to speaking

THE OPEN

aloud to God that he will never be afraid to pray in public again.

Yes, the Psalmist says: "When I cried unto God, He gave ear unto me." Just as if there were not another person in the world.

If the unsaved man, on his holidays, flies to the woods and cries unto God, He will give ear unto him, and that man will find an uttermost Salvation, to the joy of his soul.

If the backslider cries unto God, He will give ear unto him, and will restore unto him the joy of his salvation.

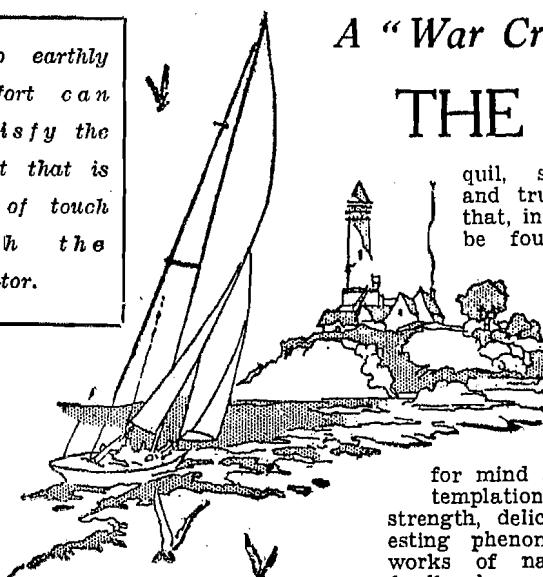
The man or woman who is seeking happiness apart from God is "spending money for that which is not bread and labor for that which satisfieth not."

It is well to seek rest and recreation, but it is absolutely necessary to seek that deeper and abiding Life that comes to all who, by faith, are washed in Christ's shed blood.

How happy, indeed, the Christian on a holiday should be! What privileges and opportunities are his! He has increased time for uninterrupted communion with God and, as he comes in contact with new people, many convenient opportunities to do personal work for Christ unfold. The humble word of testimony to God's saving grace, the expression of thankfulness for blessings vouchsafed, the acknowledgment of faith in God's protecting care, may make openings for conversations that will lead seekers to trust in the finished work of Christ.

His grace is sufficient to enable one to do this and "He that winneth souls is wise."—David Shankland, Envoy.

No earthly comfort can satisfy the heart that is out of touch with the Creator.



THE annual call of the open—the seashore, the mountain, the valley, the woodland — has, I believe, a peculiarly fascinating influence this trying year, as it appeals to the toiling artisan, the businessman, the factory worker, the fatigued housekeeper; and, if it likewise reminds the harassed and careworn workless ones of prosperous days, let us hope that it will also bring optimism to them regarding the holiday seasons of years yet to come.

With glad response and keen anticipation of restful, happy days those who are fortunately circumstanced will answer nature's enticing invitation. What a boon it would be if all could lay aside, for a short season, the cares of life, the anxiety concerning the demands of the morrow, and find for the perplexed mind, the tired body, the frayed nerves, and the apprehensive spirit, those tran-



WHEN YOU GO TO CAMP

Be Sure to Take the Following Hints as to Clothing for the Trip

FOR summer camping or hiking, elaborate clothing supply is an encumbrance. For a short trip special clothing is unnecessary. Old things will do for the outing. If an outfit is being purchased, says "Forest and Outdoors," they should be of rain-shedding duck, khaki or forestry cloth. Better travel in lightweight things, with extra garments to put on when resting or in camp.

A sweater is invaluable and may take the place of a coat if something water-proof is provided against rain. This may be an army poncho, or a water-proof silk cape about 4 x 7 with a slash in the centre for the head, either also serving as bedding. A cruiser's shirt of close-woven woolen serves as well as both coat and waterproof.

Napoleon declared that an army marches on its stomach. We submit that a holiday along forest or stream byways depends largely on the feet and their comfort. Always wear boots large enough to take two pairs of socks, with room to spread the toes. Get a light shoe, made of oak-tanned leather, reaching just above the ankle. Be sure there is no lining in it, and insist on good, soft leather in the uppers, with a stiff re-inforcement round the back of the heel. If necessary get them made to order. An outdoor holiday is made or marred by footwear. Comfortable shoes and wool socks are essential. New shoes should be broken in before the trip starts. Otherwise they are liable to produce tiredness, pain and blisters, and the latter are both painful and dangerous. Avoid narrow heels.

If ankles turn in or out, turning the shoes over, buy side plates to stiffen the counters. And remember, moccasins are restful around camp in the evening. Do not allow boots to become hardened and out of shape but do not go to other extreme and oil them so much they become too soft and pliable.

* * *

The good old felt hat, which you have been having such a hard time rescuing from oblivion every time the good wife started housecleaning, is the best thing to wear on a woods or streams outing. Buckskin gloves without cuffs are useful for working around camp, and during warm weather there are a hundred things less essential for an outdoor trip than a few yards of mosquito bar.

How to Prepare them

PICNIC days are here again. Much can be said in favor of the picnic. Sunshine, fresh air, green grass, bubbling brooks, leafy dells, games in the open, clean dirt for mud pies, sun baths, the old swimming hole, and a real meal in the open—all these are placed on the debit side of our picnic ledger. Thunder storms, snakes, mosquitoes, poison ivy, sunburn, gnats, angry bulls, lost children, tired limbs, aching heads, upset stomachs, and impossible lunches—these go on the credit side.

The picnic will always be popular no matter how many disadvantages there may be. The best of it is that the more one picnics the more he is able to avoid the things that spoil picnics. The appearance of poison ivy is soon learned. The danger of too much sun is not so great after one or two serious burns. Seldom is a child lost more than once or twice.

An Important Item

The picnic lunch is really one of the most important things to be considered when a picnic is suggested. For some reason or other the lunches of inexperienced picnickers are very likely to contain little but acid-reaction foods. As meat, fish, eggs, bread, rolls, and cake all come under this classification, it is easy to see how an error can quite readily be made.

See that your picnic lunches with alkaline-reaction foods may find many of your headaches and upset stomachs dis-

pear. Fruit, green vegetables, and milk are all listed among the alkaline-reaction foods. Knowing this, the wise packer of a picnic lunch takes plenty of oranges and lemons, lettuce, celery, tomatoes—anything as a matter of fact that may be classed as either fruit or vegetable and that fits into the meal in the open.

A Spring Refrigerator

A stream of pure water running from a spring may be turned quickly into a delightful refrigerator for the lettuce, celery and other greens to be used later on. Good old-fashioned lemonade may be made and the dish placed in this same cool refrigerator. This beverage is very desirable, for thirsty children and adults may drink it as often as they wish. It will cool the body and also tend to keep it sufficiently alkaline.

When you bring your crisp leaves of lettuce and celery to the picnic lunch, use your tomatoes, your oranges and your apples to make little out-door salads. Not only will they be relished but they will be very beneficial. Instead of allowing children to nibble cake, doughnuts, crackers and popcorn between meals, let them eat an orange, which will act as an appetizer rather than something that takes the edge from the appetite.

Pay close attention to your picnic meal and you will make your picnic much more enjoyable and far more healthful than those you have held in the past.

FOR OUR HOMEMAKERS

WHETHER AT HOME OR ON HOLIDAY

A "War Cry" Love Story

Related by Lieut.-Colonel Driscoll, Melbourne, Australia

DEAR old "War Cry"! I've always loved you. Thousands of times I have carried you to the houses of the people, feeling assured you would there speak for the Master. Sometimes I have gone with you to homes of suffering and sorrow. You have rested on the table while I have read some of the glorious promises in God's Word, and when I have knelt to pray that the great Burden-bearer might tarry with the burdened ones.

I have left you in the stricken home with the confident assurance that your printed page would bring consolation.

Yes, I've loved you all through the years, but I'm more joyful than ever to-day, for I've heard one of the sweetest stories in which you played a leading part. Of course I'll tell you the good news!

* * *

Sadie was a Salvationist-daughter of Wales. Her father was Bandmaster of the Corps amongst the hills, and mother lived to help her bairns to be frugal, industrious, and good.

Across the Ocean

The 'teen years found the family building castles in the air, and Australia loomed large on the horizon. It was a big thing for father to consent to eighteen-year-old Jack going so far across the ocean, but it was under The Army's care that he sailed, and the family followed the steamship *Vedic* from Liverpool to Melbourne with days and nights of prayer, and a world of goodwill.

Jack's going seemed to bring Australia nearer, and when the next *Vedic* party sailed Sadie was amongst the passengers, happy in the prospect of meeting brother Jack again, and happy in anticipation of useful service for others in this sunny land.

There was only one cloud—just one. Her spiritual experience had somehow become dim. Perhaps she had been so busy during those last months in the dear Old Land that she had failed to keep her soul aglow. Perhaps the world was making alluring overtures to the bonnie Welsh lassie. I cannot tell.

There were happy meetings on board, and sometimes sacred scenes as here and there a pilgrim sought the companionship of Jesus. One night Sadie knelt at the liner's Pentic-form, and immediately felt a strong arm around her. Staff-Captain Craven, the big-hearted Matron, was whispering:

"Lassie, this is an answer to my prayers."

The older woman never left her until she had gripped the Hand Divine and from that night Sadie has never looked back.

In a New Land

Soon she was facing the excitement of arrival in a new land, and then she went off to a position in a country town. There was an Army Corps near, and the comrades were delighted with the new Soldier, who had come over twelve thousand miles across the seas.

She found that her brother Jack was surrounded by Army influences, and quickly she established herself in the hearts of her comrades.

One night the woman-Officer found that all "The War Crys" had not been sold, and she herself was pressed with many duties. Perhaps, she suggested, Sadie would take a few into the bars and amongst the people.

"Oh—oh!" That was a new cross to bear! But Sadie didn't refuse,

She had scarcely gone a few yards when a young fellow greeted her with, "Can I buy a 'War Cry'?"

The bright eyes of the girl sparkled as she handed him one of her papers, and then, with a bright "God bless you," she was off on her work of selling "The War Cry."

She met her first customer again, and presently he accepted an invitation to The Army Hall. After that, it was not such a long step to conviction and Salvation. Perhaps the fine home training he also had received made it easy for him.

The Sequel?

You are guessing what followed? Soldiership, and an increasing affection for the fine Welsh lassie who had helped him to find God. Sadie's years of experience as a Salvationist helped the young man to develop himself as a sterling fighter.

Then the happy day was fixed—and there was one urgent request. It was through "The War Cry" they had met. So the Editor-in-Chief (Brigadier Rixon) must marry them! What excitement, for it was the first Army wedding in the pretty little town of Warragul!

Then—have you ever had the "flu," with your throat like a burning furnace and your head seeming three times its usual size? Well, that's the only reason why my friend of the Editorial Den did not marry Sadie to the splendid young man of her choice. But I was glad I was able to act as a substitute.

When I looked at my comrades, so neat in their Army uniforms, I felt proud of them—and, dear old "War Cry," I was proud of you, too!

THE PARENT BUSINESS

When it comes to raising children, I've a notion of my own.

The parents of the youngsters should agree.

If the mother says, "You may not!" in her most decided tone,

The answer of the father, "No!" should be,

For no home can ever flourish or hold lasting happiness

Where the father's "No" is cancelled by a doting mother's "Yes."

Start it early, and keep at it! Never venture to divide,

Even though you think the verdict may be wrong;

If you'd like to grant the pleasure which the mother has denied,

Let her be the one to say: "Well, run along!"

And, oh, mother, if you think the dad a trifle too severe

With the verdict he has given, do not rush to interfere.

Oh, this job of being parents calls for courage and for tact,

And the sense to be untempted by a whim;

The mother by the father in her verdicts must be backed,

And she must very often bolster him.

For what is right and proper how can children ever guess

When the mother and the father can't agree on "no" and "yes"?

—Edgar A. Guest.

A COOLING DRINK

A most delicious cooling drink which may be made quickly calls for orange juice and ice cream. To 2-3 glass orange juice add a ball of vanilla ice cream. Stir rapidly for a moment and then serve as ice cream soda.

When the Patwari Returned

This remarkable Story of Salvation Army Activity amongst the Sansiah "Crimbs" in the Punjab, was related to the Canada East "War Cry" by Major Watkins, who has spent many years in India

KOT AAHIAN is situated in the Punjab, Northern India. It is a three-thousand acre settlement, operated by The Salvation Army at the request of the Indian Government. There are three villages in the settlement, one at the apex, the other two at the base of a gigantic triangle. The villages are one and a half miles apart, the intervening territory being but partially cultivated. Much of it, indeed, is still covered by primeval jungle which in places creeps close to the settlers' doorways.

Over twelve years have passed by since Kot Aahian came into being. Driven to desperation by the lawlessness of the Sansiahs—a notorious criminal tribe—the Government appealed to The Army for help, as it had done on many previous occasions. The place was soon established, Officers were sent in, and the work of reformation commenced.

A Re-Birth

It is not the easiest thing in the world to train folk in the ways of honesty and peace when they are bound by the very ties of consanguinity, to thievery. An entirely new group of ideals must be accepted by them, necessitating a complete metamorphosis of mental outlook. For the "Crim" crime was exalted to a virtue, a means of sustenance meritting the approving smile of the gods. When informed that crime was a most heinous offense, and could by no means be tolerated, the whole thing proved bewildering and enigmatical to them.

Of course the Sansiahs weren't told this in so many words by the Salvationists. To do so would have been acting in opposition to the laws of human nature, and would merely arouse a stubborn resistance. They had to be gently led, not coerced by the enforcement of a series of ill-understood "Thou shalt nots," taught by example, not restrained by chafing regulations. It was because of the tremendous difficulties involved in putting this into practice that The Army's aid was sought. The gesture on the part of the Government was one of absolute confidence in the reformative power of religion, and obvious faith in The Army's methods.

Overwhelming Odds

There were times when, had they given way to their feelings, the Officers would have packed their grips and left the settlement in despair. Their efforts appeared as futile as an attempt to fly to the sun would be. Kindness and love beat against an ostensibly implacable wall. There were days when a sense of passivity would pervade the place, and the Salvationists would go about almost holding their breath lest the least thing should disturb the tranquility—for such quietness, they reasoned hopefully, whilst it did not spell progress, might prove the prelude to progress. Then would come the outburst, the toppling of dreams, the "Crimbs" casting the restraint of the previous days to the winds in one wild orgy of disobedience.

But in the face of nearly overwhelming odds the Salvationists persevered. If they could not make an impression upon the adamantine elders, there were the boys and girls! The establishment of schools gave the tribe something absolutely unprecedented in its history. Reading, writing and arithmetic were taught the youngsters, and moral grounding was laid in the impressionable young lives. They responded remarkably well. Weaving and agriculture were established in the settlement, too.

The women were taught to make the clothing for their households. For a time the idea of work was received with natural resentment, but gradually the new order was accepted.

The greatest good, however, was brought to the settlement by one of its own children. He was a clever young fellow, who graduated from the settlement school and passed into high school with flying colors. Eventually he became a Patwari—a land valuer and surveyor. He was the first member of a criminal tribe to be honored by the Government with an official position.

What Could He Do?

It was after training days were over that his thoughts flew back to his native Kot Aahian. What could he do for his people—his own incorrigible kinsfolk?

Having been taught by The Army to love Christ, he sought permission to supplement the work of the missionaries by gathering his people together for Bible study. This was gladly granted. As it was usually only the boys and girls in each family who could read, they formed the

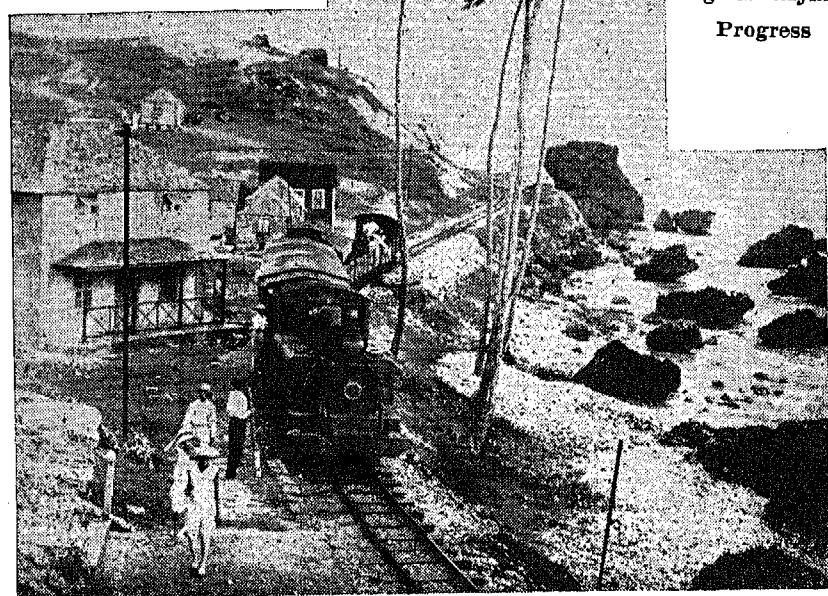
FOR THE BLIND

Worthy Enterprise Becomes Increasingly Useful

Our Blind Work in Central America and West Indies West Territory, becomes increasingly useful. There are constant applications for admission to the Home. Two have been recently received, one a deaf-and-dumb girl. "This," the General Secretary states, "is a new departure thrusting itself upon us." A blind Chinese boy learning basket-making will teach this class work.

Students now resident, but who receive some teaching and have the use of our library are called Associates. One such, a refined lady, seventy years old, received home lessons. She applied herself to study Braille, and within twelve months is able to read and has learned the "touch" system of type-writing.

The students have read and re-read the two hundred volumes of our library. They are thirsting for more books . . . but we have no money! Could not some one give a donation to buy more books to give these students fresh streams of light?



A Coast Scene in the West Indies, West Territory, Where The Army's Work is Making Gratifying Progress

nucleus of the class. Soon the grown-ups commenced to attend. Night after night the Patwari continued his work. The people flocked to hear him. "He is one of our own," they said proudly to each other; and all the while the Officers continued their work quietly, glorying in the fact that God had chosen this Army-trained youth to bring their labors to a consummation.

Several notorious characters in the tribe were converted. Others soon came, until virtually every person in the three villages professed Christianity. Of course, resistance to law immediately ceased. The settlement became a model of order and efficiency.

Development

Before long the converts decided that they should get into Salvation Army uniform, so the tunics were ordered—red ones, with khaki dhotis. They carried on their meetings and developed into as fine a group of Salvationists as one would like to see.

All this time the economic value of the settlement was growing. The people were now producing far more than they could possibly consume, but the railway was eighteen miles away, and this was a handicap in shipping the surplus to outside points.

The day came, however, when the Government, greatly impressed by the progress of the tribe, decided to build a railway line into Kot Aahian. The opening of the new extension was the signal for joyous jubilation in the settlement. The Governor himself came along to officiate—so important was the line considered!—and all along the highway of steel the train passed cheering groups of fully-uniformed Salvationists. Such an ovation completely overwhelmed the Governor. "I never expected anything like this," he cried. "Had I known I would have made arrangements for the train to stop at each group!"

Some time ago a delegation was received by The Army from Kot



Aahian. "We want you to intercede before the Government on our behalf," the speaker said. "We desire no longer to be known as 'Criminals,' but would like to have our name changed from Sansiah to Salvation tribe!"

The Army has taken up this matter with the Government, negotiations still being under way. No doubt the time will come when the villagers' request will be granted; then will their name truly denote the actual condition of affairs in the village settlement to-day, for they are no longer "Crimbs," but Salvationists!

THE 'CORNER BEAUTIFUL'

A Good Slogan In Korea

Colonel Barr, Territorial Commander for Korea, who is now visiting Canada East, says: Some time ago we started a slogan among the Officers: "Make The Salvation Army Corner the cleanest and most beautiful in the village." The idea has taken hold, and decided efforts have been made to beautify the spots occupied by Army Halls and Quarters. In some cases cherry-blossom, maple, and apple trees have been brought from a distance and planted.

"A recent fourteen-day Salvation Campaign was pursued with much energy, and the following statistics recorded:

Extra meetings held, 890; Special Bible-Classes held, 103; Adult prisoners captured, 468; Young People prisoners captured, 841; number attending Young People's Open-air meetings, 6,208; number attending Young People's indoor meetings, 23,916."

WOULD-BE SUICIDE

Enters Army Hall in Latvia and Finds Fresh Hope

The following reports tell of victories in Latvia and Estonia:

Adjutant Molin, of Tallin I, states that more than 2,000 people attended the first Army Open-air in the Park. Indoor meetings have also been good and last Sunday there were five seekers for Salvation.

A man who had been wandering in the forest with the intention of taking his life, entered The Army Hall on his way back to the city. The Adjutant spoke to him, and he told his story—drink had been his downfall. He sought the Lord and went away a new creature, and is now looking forward to becoming a Recruit.

Another drunkard stopped the Adjutant in the street, with the result that the two went to the Hall, where they prayed together. The Adjutant went home with the man, where he found he had pawned his best clothes for drink. The Officer was able to effect a reconciliation with the wife.

At Tallin II, the woman Captain reports a good start. The people have received her most kindly. She says she has already found use for five languages in visiting and other work in the locality.


**COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander,**

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addressed to the Editor.



Brigadier Mrs. Watkinson, of Territorial Headquarters, is paying a short visit to the Old Land, after an absence of twenty-five years. The Brigadier is the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Samuel Rees.

We regret to announce that Captain MacNamara, of Ottawa Grace Hospital, and Captain Wright, of the Evangeline Hospital, St. John, are on the sick list.

* * *
A slight improvement is noticed in the condition of Adjutant Wigle, who was taken gravely ill some months ago. The Adjutant is at her home, in Windsor, Ont.

* * *
A baby boy was welcomed to the home of Ensign and Mrs. Hartas, of the Montreal Men's Social Department, on July 27th.

* * *
Open-air activity is much in evidence during these summer days. The crowds are in the great-outdoors, and the magnificent opportunities thus presented of proclaiming Salvation for "Whosoever will," are being readily utilized. Hallelujah!

**LADY HAIG AND THE
ARMY**
**Visits War Graves' Visitation
Hostel at Arras**

DURING a visit paid by Lady Haig to Arras, in company with 250 members of the British Legion, she made an unexpected call at The Army's War Graves Visitation Hostel in that town.

Her ladyship arrived just before dinner, when all was ready for carving and serving, and, accompanied by Colonel Robertson and the Deputy Mayor (M. Monory), she inquired of each visitor the purpose of their visit.

Five of the guests were Scottish people who had migrated to New Zealand and were on a visit to the graves of their sons.

They had, during the week, travelled 200 miles to visit the grave of Earl Haig, and Lady Haig was very moved to hear of the deep respect for her husband which prompted this pilgrimage.

The visitor was delighted with all that she saw at the Hostel, especially the splendid provision made for The Army's guests, and with the atmosphere of homeliness. Her many inquiries were answered by Field-Major and Mrs. Herriett, and she took away literature describing The Army's work among the War Graves.

On Familiar Battle-Ground

Commissioner and Mrs. Hay at Clapton Congress Hall

"Make me a lover of the souls of men."

Commissioner Hay (reports the British "War Cry") who has had charge of the five great English-speaking communities of the British Empire—Great Britain, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Canada, spoke from a vast experience, and his plea that the travail of Christ might not be in vain for the individuals present in that meeting, caused some deep heart-searching.

Major and Mrs. Robert Hoggard, of the North-East London Division, supported the Canada East leaders.



THE OPEN-AIR MONTH

What Does August Mean To You?

HOLIDAYS? We hope you will spend them well and enjoy them to the full.

FRESH AIR? May you have all you can get.

CHANGE OF SCENE? It will refresh your spirit and help you to love again the old familiar place when you return.

But surely that is not all? *

Does not this month mean:

A BETTER CHANCE FOR OPEN-AIR ACTIVITY? Let the whole Corps, except the bed-ridden, take the Field while the weather is warm.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO BIGGER CROWDS? In a short time now evenings will be closing in and chill winds driving the people indoors. During August they are on the streets.

A CHANCE TO GET TO THE SUN-DAY MORNING MEETING? "Cold dinners" are often welcomed in hot weather. In any case, they can be tolerated with no harm to anyone, in order that all the family can get to the Sunday Morning Meeting.

A CHANCE TO SEE A PENITENT KNEELING IN THE OPEN-AIR RING?

HAVE YOU FAITH FOR THIS MOST GLORIOUS OF SIGHTS? If not, read the reports in "The War Cry" of such things taking place elsewhere, and believe for your own townsfolk.

** * *
MAKE YOUR SUMMER MEMORABLE by making it a record Salvation Summer.

NEW TRAINING GARRISON

Opened in Western India

In connection with the welcome of the new Territorial Commander and Mrs. Colonel Barnett, the new Training Garrison was opened at Ahmednagar, in the Marathi-speaking portion of the Territory. This will meet a long-felt need. Sunday evening meeting finished with twenty-two seekers at the Penitent-form. Journeying to Ahmednagar, the temperature rose to 108 degrees. The leather seats of the carriage were so hot that it was almost impossible to sit upon them with any degree of comfort!

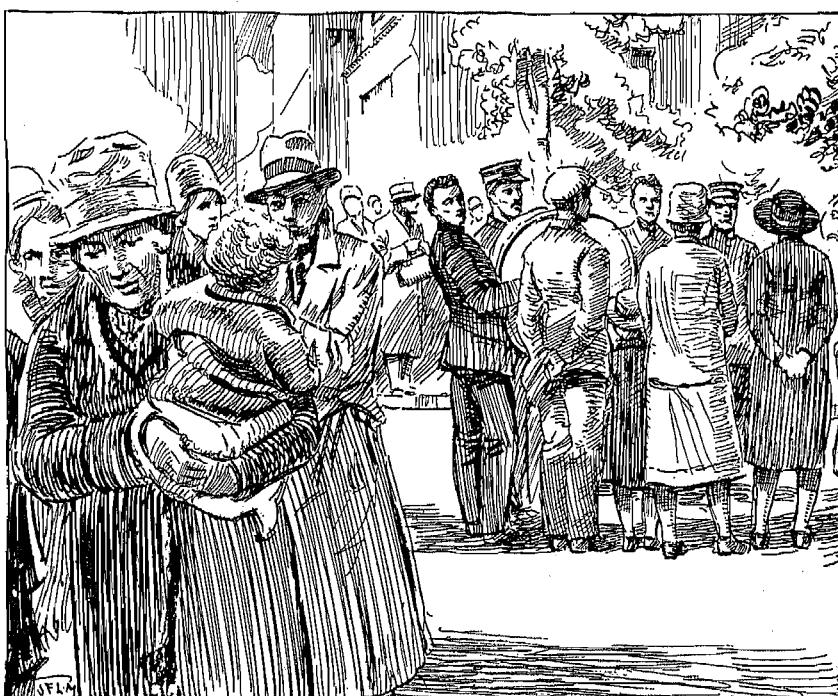
At a Field Day held in connection with Borivali Corps, four men, Chamars by caste, at their own request, publicly vowed to separate themselves from heathen customs.

PRAYER IN JUNGLE

During some Field Officers' Councils in Nagercoil, India, twenty-three Officers decided to spend their free day out in the jungle for fasting and prayer.

On the following Sunday they went to a near-by village, where the majority of the people are still Hindus, and the few converts we had were putting up a brave fight. They visited every Hindu house, and this led to a Prayer meeting in the evening, at which twenty-three families were represented at the Mercy-seat. The converts later expressed a desire for recognition as adherents of The Army. It was a moving sight, and the old Sergeant-Major of the Corps was so thrilled that he danced down the aisle and back again.

HERALDS IN THE STREET



For those who sing thy praises in the street,
We thank Thee Lord;
Joyous heralds of thy grace divine
Who bear the Word.
They once were bound, and now 'tis meet
They gladly hymn their liberty sublime.
Perchance, some chained soul may hear the strain
As those in Philippi:
Oh, shake the earth once more and set men free,
Still doomed to die,
With fettered will that holds them in captivity!

The above lines, with the illustration, were contributed to "The War Cry" by the Rev. J. F. L. Macdonald, of Toronto, as a tribute to The Army's Open-Air workers.

Sunday Amusements, Games and Work

One of the "Live" Questions of the Day Discussed

THE law with regard to one day's rest in seven is one of the most important laid down by the Creator for the well-being of the human race. It is on a footing with the natural law which requires all creatures to rest and sleep for a certain portion of every day.

So fundamental is this law, that God Himself chose, in His stupendous task of creation, to work for six days, and then to rest during the seventh.

No man can subtract much time from the daily minimum of sleep which his system requires without his senses imperatively demanding that the loss shall be made good. Similarly no one can subtract from or secularize any portion of God's appointed one day's rest in seven without incurring a corresponding penalty.

No "Kill Joy"

In this matter I speak from no narrow "kill joy" point of view nor without having looked at the question from many standpoints. I have lived in Scotland in the days when, in every town and village, the morning of the Sabbath Day found a deathly silence reigning everywhere, and it was a "sin" to whistle, or clean one's boots.

In Denmark I have grown used to the sight of theatres, cinemas and restaurants thronged on Sunday; in Norway and Sweden to the idea of special trains and fleets of steamers carrying the people to the hills and lakes.

In India, Japan, China, and other such countries where I have been there is, of course, no Christian Sun-

day, the seven days of the week being all alike. In Australia I have seen whole towns flocking off in motor-cars for the week-ends to the bathing beaches.

Where is the clue to what is right and what is wrong in the observance of Sunday in all these different sets of circumstances? Where is the line to be drawn between desecration of the Sabbath and its legitimate use as being "made for man and not man for the Sabbath"?

One Day's Rest

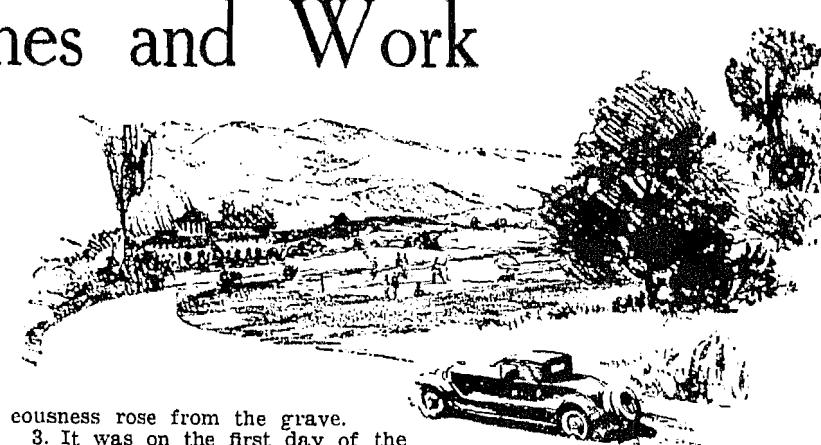
No absolutely hard-and-fast line can, I suggest, be drawn, and in a sense every man must answer to his own conscience. Nevertheless, it is important to note that:

Our Sunday is not the old ceremonial Jewish Sabbath, with its strict observance of every detail of the Levitical Law. Nevertheless, the Sabbath is a fulfilment of the Fourth Commandment as given on Sinai, and never yet annulled. Our Sunday is the one day's rest in seven of the Law of Moses, but transformed by the illuminating touch of Christ, and transferred from the last to the first day of the week by the inspired general consent of the Early Church.

This transference freed it from the association with one small nation and its narrow ritual, and by its observance on the first day of the week it became applicable to all nations.

The first day of the week was especially appropriate because:

1. It was on the first day of creation that light was created.
2. It was on the first day of the week that our Lord the Son of Right-



eousness rose from the grave.

3. It was on the first day of the week that the infant Church received its Baptism of Fire.

Our observance of Sunday must therefore be governed by these great outstanding characteristics of the day, the principal of which is that no merely secular work may be done, except such as is necessary for humanitarian reasons or out of consideration for the dumb creation: on this day nothing may be done which is primarily for personal gain or profit.

Regarding the use of trains, buses, and other conveyances on Sunday, is not the Christlike interpretation of the Fourth Commandment that which states that those for whom it is necessary to travel in order to carry on the work of God, or who are going on some errand of mercy, such as visiting the sick, should be blameless, but not those who ride merely for pleasure?

The Saviour's Viewpoint

This interpretation justifies all those activities on a Sunday which aim at the Salvation of the people. If it is replied that by using the train or bus on Sunday for God's work I am making others work, I must agree that this is so, but there would be no real danger to our Sabbath in such a limited use of the means of conveyance, and the technical breach of the Fourth Commandment is covered by the spirit of Christ's interpretation of it.

When the Pharisees once accused Christ of breaking the Sabbath because He had healed a lame man, He replied: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." What? God, whom the Book of Moses said had "ended" His six days' work of creation and was now, on the seventh day, resting—still working? Jesus Himself on the Sabbath declaring, "I work!" The Pharisees did not understand that in God's "day" of rest He

is doing His Sabbath day's work of trying to save the souls of mankind and looking after their spiritual interests.

When the Salvationist lies down at night after a wearying day in Open-air and indoor services, he also may say, "My Heavenly Father worketh hitherto—and I on Sunday work." This is His justification for using in ceaseless activity the hours he might otherwise legitimately spend in rest.

Out of Accord

The playing of games on Sunday must be tried by the same standards. Many might be tempted to say, "Why should not the jaded worker in town, or the city clerk, be allowed to play baseball, or tennis or golf on a Sunday?"

We could advance other arguments, but space only permits us to say that games, not in themselves wrong, are out of accord with the spirit of the day of rest, which should be given to thought and prayer, fellowship and service.

Each day, according to human arrangement on this terrestrial ball, starts at a certain meridian drawn through the Pacific. As that point on the earth's surface reaches the sun each day, and Sunday, in turn, accordingly commences. On a ship on the east side of that meridian it is still Saturday, and men are perhaps scrubbing decks; on a ship on the west side Sunday has commenced and the morning service is in progress. Let us, as the light of Sabbath day weekly falls upon our land, be as careful to drop all secular tasks, and all work except such as is called for by a Christlike interpretation of the day; and let us do all in our power to resist all encroachments upon its sacred character.—W. M. POWELL, Lieut.-Colonel.

APRAYER for HOLIDAY-MAKERS



We pray, O Master, for all who are at this time making journeys to the country or the sea. Protect the children on their Summer Outings. May they go and return without mishap, bringing from the glories of field and lake some memory that shall lift their eyes to Thee. Give wisdom and grace to all responsible for the arrangements and for their welfare.

Let Thy blessing be with those who, toiling throughout the year at the arduous and uninspiring tasks, now escape for a brief period. May their days of leisure be rich with the joys that are found in Thee, and may they return to their tasks with new strength, replenished courage, and strengthened faith.

More than all, O Saviour, we would ask Thy blessing upon those, who, by sickness, poverty, duty, or bereavement, will not enjoy holiday this summer. Supply their peculiar needs. Because of Thy infinite love for the least, we ask these things.—Amen.

A Parable for Vacationists:

Contains a Much-needed Reminder

There is a much-needed reminder in the following apt parable:

"It came to pass as summer drew nigh that Mr. Salvationist lifted up his eyes unto the hills and said: Lo, the hot days come, and even now are at hand. Come, let us go unto the heights, where cool breezes refresh us and glorious scenes await."

"Thou speakest wisely," quoth Mrs. Salvationist. "Yet three, yea, four things must we do before we go." "Three things I can think of, but not four," responded Mr. Salvationist. "We must arrange for our flowers to be watered and cared for, discontinue our paper, and see that

the mail is forwarded, but the fourth eludes my mind."

"The fourth is like unto the first three, yet more important than all. Thou shalt dig down into thy purse and pay our cartridge, that the good name of the Corps may be preserved and that it may be well with thee, for verily I say unto thee, thou now hast more money than thou wilt have when thou dost return."

And it came to pass that Mr. Salvationist paid his pledge for the summer, and the Treasurer rejoiced greatly, saying, "Of a truth there are those who care for the Lord's work." And it was so."

AT THE LEPER COLONY

Visit of Governor-General

His Excellency the Governor General, accompanied by his daughter and personal Staff, and the Governor of the Province, recently paid a promised visit to Pelantoengan Leper Colony, visiting every part of the Colony. He also took coffee with the Territorial Commander and Staff afterwards. His Excellency seemed delighted with all he saw. The Leper Band rendered excellent music.

THE EDGE OF BEYOND

Bandsmen in Upper Assam

While travelling, Ensign McManus, of Calcutta Headquarters, billeted with two Army Bands from Cannock, England. They work in mines at Ledo, Upper Assam, and are keeping the Flag flying. They are not backward in letting people know they are Salvationists.

Do not forget to pray for all our comrades who are laboring in the lonely places of the earth.



**SPARE A MOMENT
TO READ THIS**

FELLOW TRAVELLERS — My subject this evening is "So Great Salvation."

"So Great" is the Divine estimate. "Insignificantly small and beneath contempt" is the human estimate, judging by the attitude of many.

Is it not an amazing thing that the creature should treat with indifference that which the Creator regards so highly? Have we no sense of values where spiritual matters are involved?

Men of genius have concentrated upon the glories of the heavens, the marvels of sea and earth, creation animate and inanimate; they have given long years to patient research and experiment, and have communicated their discoveries with admirable enthusiasm.

Their books are eagerly bought and discussed. Amazing! Wonderful! Delightful! are expressions used regarding this world of which they speak.

"Lo, these are ("but") a part of His ways," says Job. He made all this and knows the mysteries and marvels yet uncomprehended by men, yet He does not enthuse nor exult over them.

The sons of God sang together and the stars shouted for joy at the creation of this wonderful world, but the Godhead is never described as rejoicing except in connection with Salvation.

The parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son reveal Heaven's concern and interest. The angels burst the bonds of invisibility to declare the coming of a Saviour. The Mightiest among the mighty stands pre-eminent among men as a Saviour—not as the Son of God, not as the Supreme Teacher, or the Ideal Man. The triumphant declaration regarding Him is, "He is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto God by Him."

This address was given by a Salvation Army Officer aboard a liner on a Sunday evening just as the Equator was crossed. Included in the splendid company which gathered on the ship's deck were prominent clergymen of various denominations, ladies and gentlemen representative of every walk of life and the ship's Officers—a keenly intelligent and interested audience of several hundreds.

Following this talk many interviews were sought, and letters have since crossed the ocean as a consequence discussing his "So Great Salvation".

Salvation in His name there is—
Salvation from sin, death, and
Hell.

Salvation into glorious bliss.
How great Salvation who can
tell?

This Salvation is so great because it affects past, present, and future. Here is the forgiveness of sin, that subject which is so perplexing to some but is nevertheless a fact of human experience.

It is so great because it is universal. God will have all men to be saved. "It is not the will of your Father that one of the least of these little ones should perish." A scientist discovered a cure for sleeping sickness, that scourge of Africa. With his precious serum he crossed the ocean, negotiated rapids, crossed deserts, and arrived after sundry accidents with only a small portion of the remedy. The dead and dying were everywhere, and from among the dying he had to make a selection according to the quantity of serum available. What a task! What a picture! God is not like that, moving

among the sin-stricken children of men selecting a few. "All men everywhere" is His word.

So great is this Salvation because it is Salvation from the Power, Practice, and Penalty of sin.

Think of the Power of sin as manifested in the lives of its victims.

The Practice, an almost automatic evil - doing because of habitual indulgence.

The Penalty, in this world and that to come. This Salvation is a deliverance from all three!

So Great it is because of the Price paid to ensure it. "Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things—but by the precious Blood of Jesus Christ."

So Great, and yet immediately and consciously yours. Some are loth to admit the possibility of cataclysmic or sudden conversions. Our records abound with stories which prove the reality of these. The great thing is to recognize yourself as a sinner and in need of a Saviour, then to the honest seeker there will come a present experience and constant enjoyment of this "So Great Salvation."

In the Land of Eternal Brightness

**SISTER MRS. E. COURT,
Brantford**

Sister Mrs. E. Court has been promoted to Glory from her place in the Brantford Corps. Our comrade, who came from Dover, England, had been



Sister Mrs. Court, Brantford

confined to her home for a number of years; yet during that time had repeatedly testified to the power of God and of her resignation to His will.

Her cheerfulness and patience in suffering were an example to all who visited her sick room. Previous to being laid aside, our comrade was a Songster and Home League Treasurer.

The funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Bird and Ensign Hart. The Adjutant paid tribute to our comrade's Christian character, urging others to live as she had done. The Songsters and Band supplied suitable music. Bandsman Beeching and Sister Mrs. Uden made reference to Sister Mrs. Court's triumphant life and passing.

A deeply impressive memorial service was held the following Sunday when Corps Sergeant-Major Brown and Sister Mrs. Smith gave expression to their admiration of the fine qualities our comrade possessed. May God comfort the husband and family and be their sufficiency in this great trial.

**BROTHER E. ANDREWS,
Aurora**

After an illness of fifteen months, Brother Edgar Andrews has passed to his Reward in his 73rd year. He was converted in a Methodist revival and has been a Salvationist for over forty years in the town of Aurora.

At the memorial service, held on Sunday, many glowing tributes were paid our comrade's memory. His life was a splendid example of faithfulness. Before he was obliged to take to his bed, he was urged several times to rest a little, but his answer always was, "I will go on as long as I am able." His favorite song was, "I'm a child of a King," and his life witnessed to the truth of the words.



Brother Edgar Andrews, Aurora

He slipped away calmly to meet his Maker. All who knew him and the life he lived know, without doubt, that he was ready for the Call.

An impressive funeral service was conducted by Adjutant and Ensign Clague, former Officers of this Corps.

**SISTER MRS. MOYER,
Ingersoll**

One of The Army's first converts in Canada, Sister Mrs. Wm. Moyer, was promoted to Glory from Ingersoll Corps on Monday, July 19th. She

had been in failing health for the past two years, but throughout her illness had maintained her hold upon God and calmly awaited the coming of her Lord. On the evening previous to her passing the Band and comrades of the Corps had conducted an Open-air service in the park near to where she was lying ill. Unknown to the Bandsmen, they played a



Sister Mrs. Moyer, Ingersoll

dearly-loved and highly-respected comrade into the Gloryland. The last that our comrade knew in this world were the strains of that grand old hymn tune, "For ever with the Lord," played by the Band of the Corps where she had given of her strength and energy for the extension of God's Kingdom.

Sister Mrs. Moyer was converted at London I, while Captain "Happy Bill" Cooper was the Commanding Officer, in August of 1883. She received the blessing of Sanctification at The Army's first annual Congress held in Toronto, six weeks later. From that time till death took her Home, she had spent and been spent in the work of The Army. She moved to Ingersoll in 1887, and held every position in the Corps with the exception of Secretary. As a Corps Sergeant-Major she proved a tower of strength to the Officers, and in every position she spared no effort to carry out her duties efficiently.

Our comrade also, for some time,

held the position of League of Mercy Sergeant-Major in Brantford. She went to her Reward from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ezra Cable.

The promoted warrior leaves to mourn also two sons, Ernest, of Ingersoll, and Harold, of Brantford; Adjutant Grace Cooper, of West Toronto Divisional Headquarters, is a niece.

During the early days of The Army in Ingersoll, Mrs. Moyer travelled miles and miles in keeping the Flag flying. As a special efforts collector, she has given a vast amount of her time, even when mothering a family of little ones, to thus helping to extend God's Kingdom. She delighted in serving her Lord, and at all times was ready to encourage and help as far as possible any of the young folk of the Corps to more intense Salvationism.

The funeral was conducted by Ensign Morrison. During the service the solo, "Only Remembered," was rendered feelingly by Songster-Leader A. H. Edmonds.

**BROTHER JAMES DAVIS,
Wesleyville**

Brother James Davis, who has been a Soldier of this Corps for thirty-four years, passed away unexpectedly while sitting in his chair in the Citadel on Sunday night, July 12th. He had just given a glowing testimony, and a strong exhortation to the people present to get ready for Eternity, when suddenly he was seen to collapse and his spirit took its flight to the Land of the Blest. Praise God that we know of a certainty that our comrade was ready for the Master's sudden Call.

The funeral service was conducted on the following Monday by Ensign and Mrs. Parsons, when tributes were paid to the memory of our late comrade, whose life and example will live in our memories, and be a constant inspiration to us.

Our prayers are with those left behind.

AN INTERESTING DUET

Musical Comrades United At Windsor

An interesting wedding was solemnized recently at the Windsor I Citadel, when Sister Doris Williams and Bandsman Harold Voisey were united in marriage by Major Sparks, the Divisional Commander. The bride entered the Citadel on the arm of her father, Bandsman H. Williams. Corps Cadet Edith Williams supported the bride while Bandsman Tom Voisey assisted his brother.

During the ceremony words of



Bandsman and Mrs. Voisey

felicitation were spoken by the bride's father, and Band-Sergeant Oliver, representing the Citadel Band, while telegrams of congratulations from many parts of the Dominion were read. After the ceremony a reception was held in the Young People's Hall. The Citadel Band and Songsters rendered suitable music.

Both Brother and Sister H. Voisey are hard-working Salvationists, Bandsman Voisey being an asset to the trombone section of the Band, and also Deputy Songster-Leader.—"Sid."

WHAT MELBA SAID

Every Vocalist Should Note

IF YOU are a Songster-Leader I suggest that you give the Deputy the baton and take a seat quietly among the audience now and again and judge the singing of your Brigade. You cannot fairly do this on the platform. I have been greatly struck lately on several occasions by the slovenly way in which the words are articulated by some Brigades. I sat seven seats from the front recently, in a Hall where the Songster Brigade was accommodated on raised seats in front of the ordinary platform, and thus nearer the audience than most Brigades. The tunefulness, harmony, and balance of the voices were delightful, but only a fragment of a few recurring sentences and a part of the chorus could I distinguish out of a four-verse piece. I know there is nothing wrong with my hearing; for on inquiry I found the individuals on either side of me were as little able to distinguish the words as myself.

This is a ruinous failing in Songster Brigades, as you may find if you listen to them from the back of the Hall. You may find it well, in speaking to your Brigade on the subject, to commend to them the experience of one of the world's greatest singers.

Said Madame Melba:

"In anything sung nothing is more important than the clearness of words."

"No matter how familiar the words may be to the listener, it is imperative that they be uttered as clearly with every rendition as if they had never been heard before. As a fact, only in that way can any song be given vitality and pulsing life, for the singer's mission is to re-create in the song the message of the poet who wrote the words, as well as the spirit of the composer who wrote the melody."

"Many and many an hour have I spent in reciting words before a mirror, and with my teeth tightly shut, speaking only with the lips, so that finally the muscles of my lips became strong enough to carry each syllable of the word I sang to the farthest corner of the hall."—A.B.

OUR MUSICAL FRATERNITY

May Be Relaxing at the Lakeside; but Whether or No, Here is Some Profitable and Interesting Reading Matter

Do You Realise the Value of Publicity?

THIS page is reserved for the discussion of "Things Practical and Technical" in the realm of Brass Bands and Songster Brigades. In this article let us remind those who are responsible for that side of affairs of the extreme value which lies in a paragraph in the local newspaper. Taking a bird's eye view of the present-day commercial world, one could almost, without any dishonesty, alter the ancient proverb and say, "Publicity is the soul of business." It certainly is the secret of getting a move on, and when The Army stops doing that it will be a sorry day for the world. We aim at reaching the largest number of people in the quickest possible way, by methods conventional or unconventional; we don't mind which.

The local news sheet is undoubtedly a great publicity medium in the district which it serves. However insignificant it may appear to strangers, there are, in every town, thousands of people who read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the "Recorder" or the "Gazette" every week.

When they see a continual appearance of "Army" news they begin to say "something doing there!" Curiosity increases. They stop instead of passing the next Open-air. They attend the Hall and you have them to pray for and believe for until they get converted.

It all sounds very simple, but it is surprising how many of us fail to see the advantage of the local press. Or perhaps it is that we are unable to "get in" with the editor.

Granted that of all men, those who conduct our newspapers are most peculiar. Granted that writing a presentable report is not an easy matter for every one. Granted that a hundred obstacles stand in the way. In spite of all these, it is just as certain that every editor wants "live" copy, and yours can be just that

with a little care. For the guidance of those who wish to see the doings of their Band or Brigade recorded in the press, let us set down a few things to be avoided, seeing that negatives are far easier and quicker to assert than positives. These are all from "inside" experience and worth noticing:

Don't send a program with the request that the "dear editor" will make something of it. He certainly will—waste-paper!

Don't sit down on Saturday to write up last Monday week's Festival. Stale news is no news.

Don't write a column and get the huff if only three lines appear. The paper can bear your silence better than your Band or Songsters can.

Don't try and use "journalese" phrases. If you notice a phrase continually harped upon by the news writers, avoid it. It's sure to be a bad one.

Don't write on both sides of the paper. This is for technical reasons



too long to state here, but very important.

Don't get annoyed if a name is spelt wrongly. The sub-editor doesn't know your John as well as you do. Write more legibly, printing the names next time.

Don't forget to send a paid advertisement occasionally. All news is not written on the back of advertisements, as one superior soul avers, but an inch or so occasionally makes a deal of difference. It's quite in keeping with our reciprocity kindness theory.

DO send in your news as brief, as "meaty," as simply and legibly written as you can possibly make it, with promptness, courtesy, and much practice. Then you will find that the paper will gradually begin to take notice of you. Following the paper will come the public. Then, when you have the public — even the tiniest little bit of it — pitch in and preach Christ till they all accept Him.

What The Army Band Expects of Me: By a Band Sergeant

IN MY honored position as Band Sergeant, I realize that I am expected to be a counsellor, a spiritual guide, and a leader of men. I must keep before the Bandsmen with whom I am privileged to work the things our dear Founder stood for, among which are godliness, gumpion, and go.

It is expected that I shall support my Bandmaster in his control of the Band, yet keep an unbiased view of any question that may arise between him and the Bandsmen; I must at all times be a brother, comrade, and friend to all.

It is my place to be an example of The Army fighting spirit and lend aid to those of my comrades who are backward in speaking, singing, and praying.

Not only must I be a man of faith, but works also, and I must endeavor to keep the Bandsmen in a "live" condition, ready to grasp the soul-saving opportunities that come their way.

To the veterans of the Band I must be ready to give cheer and encouragement; to the "younger end" instruction in the art of soul-w^{ing} to each, if needs be, a judicious prayerful word regarding men's responsibilities.

I must know The Army's "C and Regulations," and knowing carry them out. In Band depo^r and Bandsman^{ship} I must time be an example; then, these credentials, I may be worthy of the stripes I wear.



Woodstock, Ont., Songster Brigade, with Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey, who farewelled a few weeks ago. The Brigade is doing well under Songster-Leader J. Gordon, who came out from Scotland a year ago. Songster-Sergeant Mrs. Hall is at extreme left of front row, and Songster-Secretary Mrs. L. Bingham is seated at extreme right. Several members were absent when the photograph was taken.

THE ADVANCE GUARD

Corps Taking 200 and More
"War Crys" Weekly

HALIFAX I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Earle)	1,000
MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	700
OTTAWA I (Ensign and Mrs. Mundy)	500
MONCTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt)	400
WINDSOR I Ensign and Mrs. Warrander)	350
ST. JOHN I (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	350
TIMMINS (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	330
SHERBROOKE (Ensign and Mrs. Hempstead)	325
ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	310
PETERBORO (Adjutant and Mrs. Falle)	300
HAMILTON IV (Ensign and Mrs. Jolly)	300
HAMILTON I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne)	300
FREDERICTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	290
SYDNEY (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	285
MONTREAL IV (Captain and Mrs. Larimer)	275
SARNIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)	270
WINDSOR II (Captain and Mrs. Hetherington)	250
LONDON I (Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)	250
KINGSTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Rawlings)	250
GLACE BAY (Commandant and Mrs. Woolcott)	235
BRANTFORD (Adjutant Bird, Ensign Hart)	235
HAMILTON III (Ensign and Mrs. Barr)	230
CHARLOTTETOWN (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)	225
ST. STEPHEN (Commandant and Mrs. Sanford)	225
WINDSOR III (Ensign and Mrs. Hobbins)	225
ST. CATHARINES (Ensign and Mrs. Hart)	225
VERDUN (Adjutant and Mrs. Bosher)	225
OTTAWA III (Adjutant and Mrs. Waters)	220
ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White)	210
NEW GLASGOW (Adjutant and Mrs. Boulton)	205
NORTH BAY (Adjutant and Mrs. Kirbyson)	205
WOODSTOCK, Ont (Adjutant and Mrs. Luxton)	200
LIPPINCOTT (Field-Major and Mrs. Squarebriggs)	200
RIVERDALE (Captain and Mrs. Pilfrey)	200
ST. JOHN'S I (Commandant and Mrs. Abbott)	200
TRURO (Commandant and Mrs. Davis)	200
HALIFAX II (Commandant and Cavendar)	200
MONTREAL II (Commandant and Mrs. Jordan)	200
GALT (Ensign and Mrs. J. Wood)	200

OPEN-AIR THRONGS

ST. JOHN I (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)—A week of victory. Large crowds are attending our Open-air meetings. Amongst those most interested we have noticed eminent local ministers.

Blessed with a beautiful day on Sunday, we had very large crowds at all services, especially in the evening. With a maximum seating capacity of 380 we noted very few vacant seats. This was particularly gratifying seeing we were welcoming home—for a visit—a former Soldier of No. I, in the person of Mrs. Captain Asher, now of Newark, N. J. Captain and Mrs. Asher took charge of the evening service. Two seekers came to the Mercy-seat.—Sergeant Jaybee.

SALVATION JOY DAY
TRAINING GARRISON GROUNDS
SATURDAY, AUGUST 15
Commencing at 3 P.M.
Scout Display by Brantford Scouts
Music and Song in Abundance
Special Programme at 3.30 and 7.30
Refreshments

IN THE ISLAND DIVISION

AT HISTORIC CORPS

New Leaders Welcomed

BAY ROBERTS (Commandant and Mrs. Caines)—On Sunday Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, with Staff-Captain Cornish, visited this historical Corps. The Holiness meeting was brimful of blessing and inspiration and will live long in the hearts of the comrades. Sunday afternoon a much larger crowd turned out to the meeting to hear and see our new leader. In this meeting the baby boy of Brother and Sister Thomas Brown was dedicated to God by the Brigadier, after which Staff-Captain Cornick led a testimony meeting, followed by a powerful address by the Brigadier.

At night between three and four hundred people were present. Mrs. Burton spoke to the people briefly, leaving a telling impression on her audience. She was followed by the Brigadier with an earnest address. For an hour Staff-Captain Cornick piloted the prayer-meeting, and though none decided there and then, we believe many consciences were smitten.

'TILL DEATH US DO PART'

Captains George Wheeler and Ann Dawe United for Service

On Wednesday a very pleasing ceremony was witnessed at the Citadel in Bay Roberts, when Captain Dorothy Ann Dawe, of Bay Roberts, was united in matrimony to Captain George Wheeler, of Green's Pond. Supporting the bride were Captain Fannie Spencer and Captain Blanche Mercer.

The service was conducted by Commandant J. Caines in the presence of a large congregation. After the ceremony a large number of guests sat down to partake of the repast prepared by the Home League, when congratulatory words were spoken by a number of comrades.

May God comfort and sustain the bereaved.—Sergeant-Major Budsey.

(Continued from page 3)

collection and received thirty cents.

The Black Prince had arrived, and without stirring a ripple on the quiet face of Rotherham's daily life. But wait a bit—all has not yet been told.

Opening a Corps on new ground to-day is apt to be an organized co-operation of local and imported effort, associated with district Officers, borrowed Bandsmen, and other visiting Soldiers. How different was the opening of Rotherham by the Black Prince.

Not, however, that he continued to act entirely alone. On his second day in the town he was reinforced by the arrival of his Lieutenant—the widowed sister of one destined to become widely known in Army circles as Envoy Fells. The Black Prince had faith. She had faith. Headquarters had faith. No one had anything else. But, as it turned out, nothing else was needed.

Almost from the start, good meetings were secured. At the end of two months tangible results were visible. Half of Rotherham was set talking by sensational cases of right-about-face in personal character. Men and women who had been notoriously drunken and bestial became reasonable, religious, and of a gracious countenance. Goodness and conversion proved contagious. Presently the interesting fact grew manifest that Rotherham was having a Revival.

There was a very instructive incidental happening. To the Black Prince came a deputation of Primitive Methodists, who asked if he would go and address a company of their local preachers on "How to promote a Revival." He consented, and went. Judge of his thoughts on entering the room to meet fumes of

'I'LL STAND FOR CHRIST'

Young and Old Make Decision

ST. JOHN'S II (Commandant and Mrs. Ebsary)—Recently a Young People's meeting was conducted when about thirty-five young people decided, by God's help, to do right.

On a recent Sunday we had with us our new leaders, Brigadier and Mrs. Burton, assisted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cornick, to conduct the evening service. The building was filled to its utmost capacity with comrades and friends anxious to hear them. A blessed time was experienced. The Brigadier's message brought conviction to many, and after an earnest prayer-meeting, piloted by Staff-Captain Cornick and Ensign Brown, we had the joy of seeing fifteen precious seekers kneel at the Cross and claim pardon.

The following Tuesday night, in our Soldiers' meeting, two more seekers knelt at the Altar.

On Sunday last we had with us for the Holiness meeting, Major Fagner and Adjutant Payton, from the Grace Hospital; they were ably supported by the members of the Hospital staff, and a very blessed time was experienced. The night meeting was conducted by Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Payne, and eight seekers claimed Salvation.—C.S.-M.C. Simmons,

SAFE IN HARBOUR

GRIQUET (Ensign J. Snow)—A memorial service was conducted recently for an aged friend, Brother John Fry, who was suddenly promoted to Glory from his home Corps, Charleston. His passing was deeply felt. The older comrades had fond recollections of his godly influence while following his calling on the sea. Many references were made to his godly character.

May God comfort and sustain the bereaved.—Sergeant-Major Budsey.

A NEWFOUNDLAND VETERAN

Four Decades of Fighting

Sister Mrs. Stephen Ham, of Deer Lake Corps, is able to look back over thirty-nine years as a Soldier in the Army. Our comrade is sixty-seven years of age, and has seen some hard fighting.

It was in Boone Bay where this warrior Sister first came in contact with The Army and was converted. She decided at once to throw in her lot with the "peculiar people" as Salvationists were then considered to be, and has never regretted her choice. She loves The Army and intends to remain a loyal Soldier to the end.

God grant that she may live to see many more years of service for God.—C.S.-M. H. Wicks.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

SISTER MRS. BRACE

Chance Cove

Sister Mrs. Brace, who was a recruit at this Corps, recently passed away. The funeral and memorial services were conducted by Captain Piercy, of Famish Cove. Our comrade will be missed by many friends and comrades. Death came rather unexpectedly, but our Sister assured the Officers and comrades that all was well and she was ready to meet her Redeemer.

Our sympathy is with the husband and daughter who are left to mourn.

CAN YOU SING THESE?

Jesus Saves

(No. 217 in the new Song Book)
Jesus saves me every day,
Jesus saves me every night,
Jesus saves me all the way,
Through the darkness, through the light.

Jesus saves, oh, bliss sublime!
Jesus saves me all the time.

Jesus saves when sorrows come,
Jesus ends my doubts and fears,
Jesus saves and leads me home,
Jesus saves when death appears.

Jesus saves me, He is mine;
Jesus saves me, I am His;
Jesus saves while I recline
On His precious promises.

Jesus saves, He saves from sin,
Jesus saves, I feel Him nigh.
Jesus saves, He dwells within,
Gladly do I testify.

* * *
From Every Stain Made Clean
(No. 427 in the new Song Book)
From every stain made clean,
From every sin set free;
O blessed Lord, this is the gift
That Thou hast promised me.
And pressing through the past
Of failure, fault, and fear,
Before Thy cross my soul I cast,
And dare to leave it there.

From Thee I would not hide
My sin, because of fear
What men may think; I hate my pride,

And as I am appear—
Just as I am, O Lord,
Not what I'm thought to be,
Just as I am, a struggling soul
For life and liberty.

While in Thy light I stand,
My heart, I seem to see,
Has failed to take from Thy own hand
The gifts it offers me.

O Lord, Thy plenteous grace,
Thy wisdom and Thy power,
I here proclaim before Thy face,
Can keep me every hour.

Upon the altar here
I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have Thee near,
King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn
My every selfish claim;
And while from them to Thee I turn
I trust in Thy great name.

ON A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE

A sympathetic friend sent a bundle of old newspapers to one of the lonely lighthouse-keepers on the Norwegian Coast. In the bundle was a copy of "The War Cry," which fell into the hands of the keeper's daughter. She read the paper and received a call to service for God whilst doing so. She wrote to The Army Headquarters, removed to Oslo, became a Soldier and Candidate, and eventually entered Training.

A Salvation Joy Day is announced for Saturday, August 15th, at the Training Garrison Grounds, commencing at 3 p.m.

The special programs arranged for 3:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m., will be brimful of bright and breezy items by East Toronto Band, Earls Court Band and Songsters, Brantford Scouts and Bugle Band, and well-known Salvation Army soloists. Refreshments will be served.

Tact and Soul-Winning

An Incident from the Life of One of the Most Glorious Trophies of Grace The Army Has Known

FACT, and more tact. That is one of the essentials in seeking to win for the Master the least approachable persons. An illustration of the tactful handling of one of the "awkward squad" is supplied by a story concerning an Army trophy well-known to the older Salvationists—Brigadier Jack Stoker.

Of this wonderful example of Lov-ing Grace, The Army's Founder once wrote:

"Dug out from the lowest depths of sin, misery, and despair to which human nature can sink, he is felt to-day to have been not only one of the most glorious trophies of the Cross that The Army has ever known, but to have proved himself one of the most daring, self-sacrificing seekers for the souls of men and women that The Army has ever possessed."

"He that winneth souls is wise," and Salvationists who are seeking to win their fellow-men for Jesus will find much of encouragement and interest in this story of how Jack Stoker once handled a difficult situation.

"My Man Will Kick You Out"

"Well," related Stoker, "let me give you a bit of my experience. When I first went to H—, on my first Sunday night I told the Soldiers in the 'wind-up' that I would endeavor to get round to all their houses.

"Captain," said a woman Soldier, after I came down from the platform, 'please don't come to our house, as sure as you do my man will kick you out. He won't have any religious man cross the door. The neighbors all know this, and watch for the fun of seeing the new Captain being thrown or kicked out.'

"Leave your man to me, missis," I said, "I can sweetheart him."

"The day came when I got into the street where this particular woman lived. I turned round once or twice rather quickly and saw the neighbors peeping out of their doorways for the 'fun' that was so shortly to be seen, as they thought. I got to the door, and saw on the wall of the cottage several bird-cages.

"Jumping into the house, I turned a blind eye to the man who sat near the fireplace and exclaimed, 'Well, that is a fine linnet! Eh, but that's a canary that any man might well be proud of! Oh dear, I do love birds!'

A Bird-fancier

"Then, turning suddenly round, I exclaimed, 'Pardon me, sir, I know it's bad manners to come into a house and not speak to the master, but when I see a good bird I seem to forget everything and everybody else.'

"So you like birds, Captain, do you?"

"Like birds, sir; why, I almost worship them! But you'll pardon me; I cannot stay to talk to you about birds to-day, though I would like to. Good-day!" "Good-day!" said the man.

"At night the woman came to the meeting. 'Captain,' she exclaimed, 'my man says you are the only man that ever came to this town that has any brains. And you've got to come to tea on Sunday.'

"I went over to tea on Sunday, never said grace, never mentioned the name of Jesus Christ, God, Heaven, or Salvation, but talked on general subjects. I went again by invitation of the man on different week evenings, and talked about dogs, horses, sport of all kinds in



"So you like birds, Captain, do you?" exclaimed the man

which I had taken part, but no religion.

"After I felt I had got my man (about the sixth visit), and was telling him of my wild days, I suddenly put my hand on his shoulder and exclaimed, 'But God has saved me from

all that and made me a soul-winner. And if you'll cry to God, He will do for you what He has done for me.' He fell on his knees, cried for mercy, and to-day is an out-and-out Local Officer."

A victory for tact.

SOME LESSONS I LEARN IN MY GARDEN

By A Woman Salvationist

seeds may be safely planted and brought to maturity

A voice reaches me from the unnoticed toilers, who, carrying on their appointed work below ground, are purifying the soil; and I recall again that each of us, even the humblest, has his or her particular task to perform in the garden of life; and that the most important work is frequently carried on out of sight.

New Every Morning

The careful clearing has brought its reward, and, at the present time, the delights of my garden are continuous. A hurried morning visit—a mere glance—and some new treasure is found; whilst a voice whispers to my soul. So, also, the mercies of God are *new every morning!*

A chorus of voices will soon greet me. They will speak of generosity. Nature is prodigal. The greater the demand upon it, the bigger the response. As a rule the plants whose blooms are cut the most frequently provide the most continuous supply. They urge me, then, to give of my abundance to others; to carry my choicest blossoms, with their sweetness and color, to brighten some sick-room, to cheer some lonely heart, or to bring gladness to those who dwell in crowded or slummy places where flowers seldom grow. They talk to me also of the bounteous generosity of God, and of the lavishness with which He has bestowed His gifts and blessings upon me.

Low voices reach me from the borders. From a sacred spot, where presently the mignonettes will bloom and give forth of their sweetness, and also from the clusters of the choice spirit I was privileged to call "Mother"—early gathered for the Heavenly Garden, yet who stayed

long enough to become an abiding influence for good in my life, and a restrainer in times of temptation. The pansies call forth memories of loved ones now laboring in distant corners of the earth; the fragrant lilies of the valley ask, "What kind of an influence are you shedding?" the tall, straight hollyhocks and lupins tell me, "She that walketh uprightly walketh surely"; while above the rest comes the tender command, "Forget ME not."

Harmony and Peace

My garden is a place of harmony and peace. No color-scheme is followed. There is little orderly "layout." The flowers just grow together, varying in color, form, and height; but they never clash, and nothing offends the eye; they dwell in harmony, as should God's children.

The birds are welcome visitors. They come in winter as well as in summer for their daily bread and water, and sing their song of gratitude, urging me also to uplift a grateful voice to God, my Heavenly Father, for all His benefits to me.

Nor are the denizens of the garden exempt from the ordinary perils of life. Sometimes serious disaster overtakes them. The heavy rains, the driving winds, play havoc with the tender plants; particularly do the taller and more prominent suffer. The damage seems irreparable, and the gardener regards them with blank dismay as they lie beaten to the earth. Presently, however, the sun comes out and commences its work of mercy, and gradually, yet surely, the plants are drawn back to their accustomed places. Maybe, to complete the work, the touch of a gentle, skilled hand will be needed, or some temporary support provided. On life's

journey, storm-beaten, seemingly broken lives are being raised by the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and are just waiting the tender ministrations of a human hand to complete their restoration to their proper place in the garden of life. "What a privilege to be a co-worker with Him in such a task," whispers a tiny voice. It brings a personal message also, for the trials and cares of life sometimes threaten to beat me down, too; but I catch the urgent words, "Why art thou cast down, O Soul? . . . hope thou in God." And responding to the invitation I receive new impetus to "Go forward!" — L. M. Claughton.

AFRESCO FIGHTERS

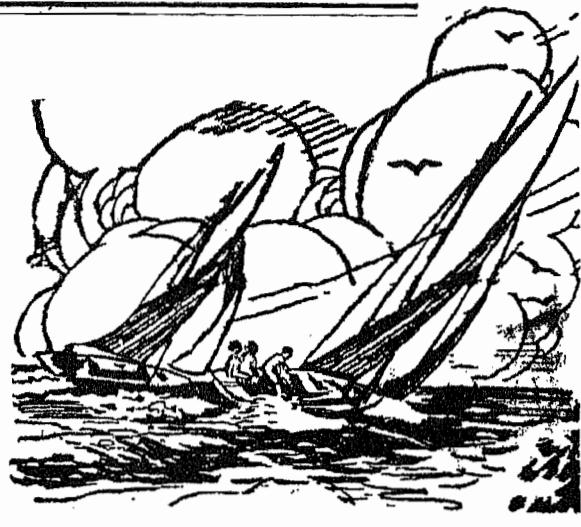
ARNPRIOR (Captain Cooper, Lieutenant Crewe)—We had with us on Sunday Envoy Mason, from Ottawa. His address in the Sunday morning Holiness meeting brought blessing to every heart. In spite of rain in the afternoon a rousing Open-air was held. At night the Envoy's messages, both in the Open-air and Salvation meeting, were of great blessing to all present. Two knelt at the Cross.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

GODERICH (Captain Jordan, Lieutenant Coy)—Last week-end we had with us Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coy, who were stationed here thirty years ago. On Sunday morning a meeting was conducted at the jail and at night a stirring Salvation meeting was conducted.

COMING EVENTS

COLONEL DALZIEL
(The Chief Secretary)
Windsor, Sat Aug 16
Brantford, Sat Sun Sep 8
St. Thomas, Sat Sun Sep 13
Belleville, Sat Sun Sep 20



Bathing Dangers and How to Avoid Them

By Lieut.-Colonel W. Roy Gilks

(Gold Medallist of the Royal Life-Saving Society)

able to row, but they have not much sense if they have learned to row before learning to swim, so don't trust them.

9. Don't leave hold of the boat if

you should be in a boat that gets upset, if you cannot swim; the boat usually floats.

10. Don't throw up your arms if you fall into deep water and cannot swim. Keep your head up, and your heart up, your arms close by your side, and move your legs as though you were skipping, or running upstairs. While you keep your arms under water and do that you *cannot sink*.

11. Don't bathe where there are weeds, unless you are a good swimmer and used to them. You can swim best over weeds on your back, and if a current, always travel with it as much as possible.

12. Don't rush into the sea or lake anywhere directly you reach the shore. The recognized bathing places are the safest. If a small party is using a new place, a good plan is to take a clothes rope and let the best swimmer or bravest spirit put the end of the rope around him or her and explore the ground and currents.

13. Don't go out swimming alone in

sea or river. It is too risky.

14. Don't think that because you can swim well at home in the local swimming bath you can rush into the cold, moving waters, and feel at home. Choppy waves have been the death of many a fresh-water swimmer. Others lose their lives because they rush into the sea and swim straight out. They tire themselves, and when they look round to the distant shore, and wind or waves are against them, they lose heart. Swim parallel with the shore.

15. Don't forget you are not in any more danger of drowning with your clothes on than with them off. They hamper swimming, it is true, but do not otherwise increase the peril.

16. Don't see a person drown without doing something to try and save him. A clothes line, prop, wooden pail, a board. If they are near take your coat off, catch hold of the sleeve, and throw it out to them (if you cannot swim). If on the shore and there is a party, catch hold of hands and let the tallest wade out, the others following.

17. Don't forget that a fishing-line is strong enough to haul a person to the side. A body floats lightly, in fact, cannot sink until the lungs and stomach are full of water and the air driven out.

18. Don't be afraid to give a swimmer a rest if he has a touch of cramp; he can be assisted in two

WE MISS YOU!

The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

BELSHAW, John—Born in November 1889; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes; dark complexion. Came from Ireland to Canada, 1926. Last heard of in Toronto.

SYMONS, Richard Henry — Went to England with Canadian Army; obtained a Military Medal at the front. Returned to Canada, and lived at 209 Sherbourne Street, Toronto. Later address, P.O. Box 256 Parry Sound, Ont. Sister enquires.

ALLEN, James William — Age 31; height 5 ft. 2 ins.; dark hair; dark brown eyes; sallow complexion. Birthplace, Heckmondwike, England. Occupation, spinner at mill.

TUDER, Lachance — Age 34. Born in Montreal. Parents both dead. Father's name, Armenegelle, Lachance. Mother's name, Aurelie Bois. Trade, shoemaker. Last heard of in Montreal. Brother enquires.

SORENSEN, Elvin Anker Tholstrup—Born Vintersley Park, Hadsten (Galter Sogn), Denmark, 31.12.1905. Tall; fair; blue eyes. Farmer. Last heard of June 30th, 1929, Ont., Canada.

LETOURMEAU, Joseph — Age 51 years; height 5 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; weight 160 pounds; chestnut hair; blue grey eyes. Born at Longueuil, Quebec. Scar on cheek. Missing thirty-one years. Mother & Enquiries.

ways: one, by resting his hands on your shoulders and you swimming the breast stroke, he lying on his back; or by allowing him to rest his two hands on your hips, you both swim breast stroke.

19. Don't allow any one to drown you. If they catch you by the wrists, raise them and bring them down sharply, turning them outwards; this breaks their hold at once. If caught hold of round the neck, place your left hand round their waist and put your right hand on their chin and push hard. They will release their hold.

1. Don't go bathing just after a heavy meal.

2. Don't enter the water while perspiring; cool down, or you will chill the blood.

3. Don't bathe or go bathing near a floodgate or weir in clay-pits; the water is always cold, sides steep and slippery.

4. Don't swim at the mouth of a river when the tide is running out, or you will find yourself at sea.

5. Don't bathe in the sea when the sea is on the ebb, unless the place is well known to you as safe. Always ask local watermen if a position is safe.

6. Don't dive into unknown places unless you can see the bottom. Jump in feet first if not sure.

7. Don't stand up in a small boat or change seats while in deep water. A boat is easily upset. Always climb into a small boat from the stern.

8. Don't go into a small boat with people who cannot swim, unless you can swim yourself. They may be

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A LOOK AT

THINGS IN GENERAL

Learning To Swim at Forty-Seven

The "Newly-arrived" Natator Tells Us How It Was Done

I DID not swim until I was forty-seven years old, says a writer in "Public Opinion." My younger son having preceded me, emulation was aroused in me. I walked into the sea until it reached some distance above my knees. So much of my body was out of the water that I had no difficulty in standing firmly.

My next procedure was to sit down, the writer adds, and that was not so easy, my breath-capacity being much above the average, and the buoyancy of the water became very evident as my chest entered the sea. However, sufficient of the upper part of my body was left exposed to admit of the desired sitting.

I then straightened out my whole body, thereby lowering my head and giving one kick with both legs simultaneously.

I was thus floating on my back, and all that was necessary for me to be swimming was to propel myself by using the hands and arms as oars. As I drew my hands above my head, the hands kept approximately horizontal with the average surface of the water. I expanded my chest (thereby taking a breath), and whilst I brought my hands and arms to my sides, meanwhile allowing my chest to subside (thereby exhaling), I pushed the water towards my feet, but also very slightly downwards, the palm-side of my hands made slightly concave so that the resistance should be increased.

Because when I inhaled breath my body naturally would rise slightly, and when I exhaled I pushed the water downward as well as forward, thus rowing myself upward, the position of my body relative to the water remained almost uniform. Had I exhaled when I brought my hands away from my sides, my body would have descended, and water would probably have flowed over my face.

Of course, unless the water in which one is swimming is smooth, the face is from time to time covered by water; but if the breath be held all is well. The novice who does not understand the relationship of the body to the water may, and commonly does, jump to the conclusion when his or her face is covered by water that drowning is imminent, and is

thus tempted to thrust the arms out of the water; the head becomes submerged in consequence—just as the erstwhile exposed part of a piece of wood becomes submerged if the wood be turned over.

As commonly expounded, swimming is apt to seem a rather complicated process, or set of processes; but, whilst I readily allow that to become an expert swimmer demands considerable time, I know that, by the method I here advocate, at least 80 per cent. of persons are able to master the fundamental principles within a few minutes, and, whilst reclining on their watery couch, can then proceed to master a variety of strokes—many of them extemporised in accordance with art or fancy. Personally, on the fourth day I was able to swim 92 yards, and would have swum further but for my progress being interrupted through coming into contact with rocks.

JEWS IN PALESTINE

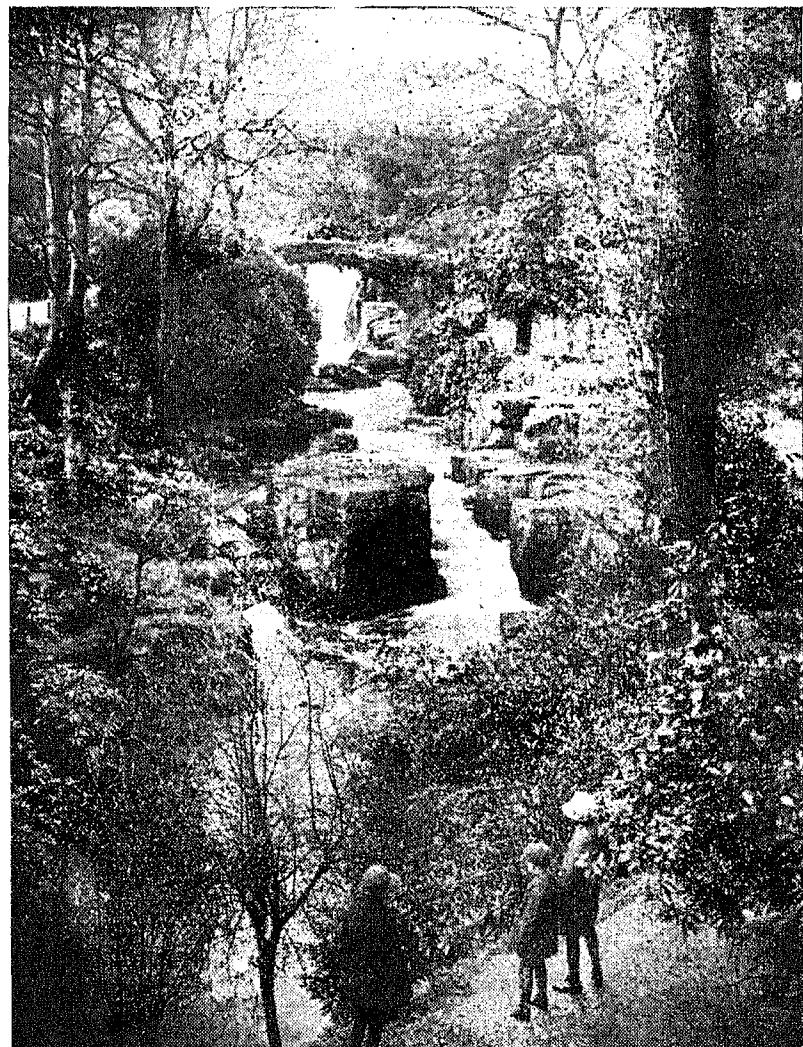
P ALESTINE has a special interest for Christians as well as for the Jews and Arabs who form the chief part of its population.

It is very interesting to learn that the official estimate of the Jewish population in the middle of 1930 was 162,000 out of a total population of about 800,000. This means that the Jewish population has nearly doubled its numbers in the last nine years.

The Jewish Agency estimates that the Jews in Palestine numbered more than the official figure, and that at the end of last year they had reached 175,000. There is a very high Jewish birth-rate of 33 a thousand, and the death-rate is very low owing to the care that the Jews take of their children. There is a chain of Infant Welfare and Mothercraft centres in Palestine, and there are good hospitals. We are glad to see that these institutions are at the service of all races, so that an Arab can get attention equally with a Jew.

Last year the number of Jews migrating into Palestine was nearly 5,000; about half of them came from Poland, 400 from Russia, 300 from Rumania, and 300 from America.

Christianity has never become, nor can it become independent of the person of Jesus the Christ. It began with Christ. It has continued through Him. It must stand or fall with Him.—G. Campbell Morgan.



A Beautiful and Picturesque Scene in the Glorious Jesmond Dene, Two Miles from Newcastle, England

HINTS TO HAPPY HIKERS

"H IKING," to use the strange term now adopted in place of "rambling" or "tramping," is one of the finest ways of securing health it is possible to imagine—if you know how to set about it. Preliminary training is necessary to most people who spend their days in indoor occupation and their evenings in comfortable armchairs! Long evening walks, put heart, lungs, and feet, into the right condition for the real exertion of a long hike when opportunity offers.

Get your feet into proper trim by keeping them clean. They need hot water and soap to make them thoroughly clean, and can then be splashed with cold water to tone them up. Furthermore, remember when on tramp to air the feet by removing the shoes when resting by the way. Dust hose and shoes with a good antiseptic

powder, boracic being very suitable for the purpose. Remember to carry with you a pair of socks for changing.

Shoes should be old (but not aged) friends, waterproof, pliable, and not too heavily soled. When you are bathing your feet after a hard day, take plenty of time to wash them thoroughly, and dry carefully, attending to any small hurt or tender spot then and there. Rub yourself down with warm water and soap before retiring for the night. This will ease the body wonderfully, banish weariness, and induce a pleasant state of warmth and relaxation that will bring sound sleep. A cold sponge in the morning braces up the system and tones the muscles for the road ahead. And so, with feet comfortable and pack adjusted, onward to new adventures and delights.

A HOLE IN THE SEA

I T has been discovered that the floor of the North Sea has a deep hole in it.

This hole lies between Scotland and Sweden and is no less than 780 feet deep. Before its discovery the floor was supposed to be a plain, with undulations varying in depth from 38 to 50 fathoms. Trawlers are warned of the hole because trawls get lost by fishermen who are unaware of its existence. The sides are very steep.

The depression has received the name of the Devil's Hole. It lies close to where the mouth of the Rhine opened in the pre-glacial epoch, when the North Sea was land.

VAST RUSSIAN SCHEME

The largest river in Europe, the Volga, is to possess the world's biggest electric power station.

The cost is estimated at \$400,000,000 and the annual output at 8,000 million units. Foreign experts are to act as consultants.

As the Volga district contains much coal, lime, phosphorus, and slate it is hoped that the famous river will become a great industrial asset.

DEAN INGE SPEAKS

E NGLAND'S famous dean, Rev. E. William Ralph Inge, makes the claim that the excessive sums that England and America spend in the pursuit of pleasure are in large measure to blame for the present economic difficulties in both nations.

Some time ago, he said:

"The amount last year spent on amusements in America was estimated at \$21,945,000,000—more than the whole aggregate income of the people of this country (England). Two years of American play would suffice to pay the whole of our national debt—not only what we owe America, but the whole of it."

This situation, however, is not unforeseen by the inspired writer: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be . . . lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on mid-ocean, and under every deep a lower deep opens.

Heaven's Evergreen Fan

*A Poplar tree against the sky
Uplifts the dullest clod on high;
A Willow tree beside a stream
Enriches every poet's dream;
A spreading pine is Heaven's fan
To brush earth's pettiness from man.*



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THE HILL,

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TORONTO 2, AUGUST 15, 1931

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

Children of "Mean Street"

Need the Trees, Green Grass, and the Blue Waters, for the Good of their Souls



Just off after a two-weeks' holiday; and how they wished it were longer!

CHILDREN—as a rule—are optimistic. At a moment's notice they can find shelter from the distractions about them in the glee-ful land of "Make-believe." There are some, however, in whose little minds nearly all imaginative stirrings must either be ruthlessly quelled, or terribly perverted, by the every-day environment in which they exist. Ugly lanes and barren homes and large families hounded into small houses—these things are not at all conducive to moral development. One wonders what the historian a hundred years hence will have to say about conditions in some sections of our fair cities of to-day!

The Army's Outings

Because it saw that the little kiddies of the cities needed relief from cramped conditions of "Mean Street"; needed to see the trees, the green grass, and the blue waters, for the good of their souls, The Army, many years ago, planned outings for hundreds of them! Throughout the whole world it has been—and still is—carrying on this work. In Britain, in Scandinavia, in Australia and America—Yes, and in our own Canada—thousands of children annually are given the time of their lives in the out-doors!

On Thursday last one hundred boys jubilantly embarked in motor coaches at The Army's Headquarters in Toronto, for the Jackson's Point Camp. Two weeks before it had been the

girls' turn! We saw one of the girlies after she had returned! "Poor kid-die!" We could not withhold this inward ejaculation! One leg was fastened in a steel framework; she could only hop about, at the very best. But her little face was beaming—from underneath the freckles.

Did She?

"Did you have a good time?" we asked. The answer written on her face was supplemented by an emphatic—if shy—"I'll say!" Then she hopped away with her mother who had come to take her home.

But those boys! What a "boys-terous" crew, and jolly! Here again we discerned the optimism that shines through physical handicaps and poverty. For a little chappie was there with a broken arm! "Take more'n a broken arm to keep me from Camp," he pertly announced. Just a shade of fear lurked in his eyes though, when his turn came to be examined by the genial, big-hearted Doctor. But when he passed the scrutiny he gave a jump into the air in ecstatic abandon!

Whilst the boys were being examined we spoke with Mrs. M. She has eight children, five of them quite young. Mrs. M. herself has not been well for the past few months; in fact this was her first appearance out of the house since her return from hospital a few weeks ago.

"I've got two boys going with The



Army this year," she told us, "and I simply couldn't disappoint them. We couldn't pay to send them anywhere—their dad's just getting a day of work now and again—so when we heard The Army would take them for two weeks for nothing—well, it was a God-send, I can tell you."

It is The Army's purpose to send yet more children to Camp this year. Funds are urgently needed, however, to support the work, for The Army is entirely dependent upon the good-will of the public for the maintenance of this endeavor.

Kindly send all donations to Commissioner James Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto (2).



At left: Dr. R. S. Conboy examining the children before they leave for camp. The doctor examines over 500 children every Summer without fee. Upper right: Returning from a splash in the cool lake accompanied by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Cowan and helpers.